THE GHOSTS OF BIGOTRY

PETER C. YORKE

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THE GHOSTS OF BIGOTRY

SIX LECTURES BY

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PREFACE.

THE following lectures are an attempt to give in popular form the main features of the treatment meted out to the Catholic Church in England and America by English Protestantism. They were written after a four years' campaign against the A. P. A. in California had ended in the break-up and disappearance of that organization. The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco published them in pamphlet form under the title "Ghosts." The plates, however, were destroyed in the fire of 1906, and, as there have been many calls for them since that time, they are now reprinted in a more permanent form. Experience showed that the original title did not sufficiently indicate their scope, so they are renamed "The Ghosts of Bigotry."

Oakland, Cal.
St. Matthew's Day, 1912.

THE GHOSTS OF BIGOTRY

I.—GHOSTS IN GENERAL.

WITH this series of lectures we inaugurate the work of a Catholic Truth Society. A Catholic Truth Society is an organized effort to spread the truth concerning the Catholic Church, both among Catholics and non-Catholics. It is in religion what in politics is called "a campaign of education." We Catholics believe we have the truth. We believe we have those teachings which God deemed best for the instruction of mankind. We believe we have those doctrines, to teach which He sent His only Son from heaven. We believe, therefore, we possess that truth which is necessary for humanity and is able to satisfy all the needs of humanity. If our belief is real, we must wish to spread this truth. If we love our kind, if

we wish them well, if we would give them comfort, hope, peace, we must burn with the desire to tell them the good tidings which alone can satisfy their souls.

For this purpose was the Church established, and with the commission, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," she has gone up and down the world. This is not the place to speak of her unceasing and manifold activity. She preaches from her pulpits Sunday after Sunday. Her churches, day by day, are silent invitations to the passers-by to lift up their hearts. She preaches in her works of charity and beneficence. She preaches in the lives of her members, the lives of the thousands of simple and lowly God-fearing men and women who bear her name; in the lives of her sisters and priests who stand fearless before the plague or the yellow fever and go down to death rather than permit a single soul to appear before its Maker without the healing of the Sacraments and the strength of the Body of Christ.

In those ways, and in a thousand others,

the Church is ever preaching the Gospel. Since her Founder's death there is no age which has not rung with her deeds; there is no land which has not been full of her labors. You may ask, therefore, What is the need of this new crusade? What is the need of this organized effort to spread Catholic truth? Are not the ancient ways sufficient? Why should we train our feet to new paths?

Our answer is: Our crusade is no new venture, but that it is an ancient method adapted to modern needs. This world of ours is like the great ocean—ever in a state of change. The changes themselves, it is true, are few, but they are ever returning one on the heels of the other. The tides of this month are like the tides of last month. The storm of a week ago is like the storms of years gone by. Wave is like unto wave, and calm is indistinguishable from calm. Yet wave and tide, calm and storm create the unceasing change that makes the ocean the image of instability.

It is even so among men. There is nothing new under the sun, said the wise man, and what has been, the same shall be. Political changes, commercial changes, changes of opinion, in manners, in dress, all have a small orbit and are constantly returning. But amidst all those changes the word of God stands unchanged and unchangeable. The Church which has the commission of preaching remains unmoved amidst the vicissitudes of times and things. In that she shows most like to God. *Thou in the beginning, O Lord, didst found the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt continue; and they shall all grow old as a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed. But Thou art the self same and Thy years shall not fail.*

But though the unchanging word which the unchanging Church preaches to the world is always and at all times one, the manner in which it is presented to the ever-changing peoples must be manifold.

The Church must meet man on his own level and speak to him in a language which his heart can understand. If he will not listen to the truth when presented to him in one way, the Church must cast about until she finds a way which will be acceptable. Her methods, therefore, will differ from time to time and from country to country. In Catholic lands, and among Catholic peoples, the solemn round of praise and sacrifice by which her year is sanctified is a perpetual instruction for her children. They grow up in a Catholic atmosphere, and, unconsciously, as they learn their mother tongue they learn their mother religion. The pictured saints that look down upon them from window and niche and wall in their churches become their teachers, and the practices of private and public life knit into their bones the faith of their fathers.

It is otherwise in countries which are not Catholic. There everything tends to draw them away from the Church, and to obscure her teaching. Hence she cannot

rest content with what we may call the dead weight of public opinion, for public opinion is against her; she cannot rest content with the mere internal force of Catholic life, because Catholic life is chilled and weakened in an uncongenial clime. Therefore, she must return to her ancient methods, when the world was all before her, a harvest yet unreaped. She must return to the constant and uninterrupted proclamation of her mission. She must become again a prophet crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." She must become again a witness going out to all the people, and giving testimony to the truth as revealed by Christ Jesus.

Such is the condition of the Church in this country. We are growing great in everything which makes for material power; but we are growing weak in everything which makes for moral power. If I should say that the American people is an irreligious people I should be circulating a calumny. If I should say that the

American people is rapidly becoming a churchless and creedless people I should be saying what all admit. How long a churchless and a creedless people can remain at heart a religious or a moral people is another question. Suffice it to say, that history records no example of a lasting case. Either truth or superstition, in some form, must prevail. If Moses remains too long on the mountain the people will make them the golden calf.

Catholics believe that they have the whole truth which Christ revealed. They believe that the American people needs this truth, for, as Archbishop Spalding used to say, "A great nation needs a great religion." The question, therefore, which confronts us is, How is the American people to be reached? We have special facilities in our favor, we have special difficulties to overcome. To take advantage of those facilities, to provide against those difficulties, is the Church's task. The situation is novel; it is not new. Like the prudent householder, she has in her store

new things and old. She is now where she was in the third century—face to face with a mighty civilization which was hungry for God, and yet distrusted the messenger of God.

In those days the Church relied on the preaching of the Word of Truth. She had then, as now, the same Sacrifice, the same Sacraments, but she hid them away from the gaze of the pagans. She jealously excluded the unbaptized from her churches, for her rites were the bread that the children of the household alone might share. But if the unbeliever might not come to her, she went to the unbeliever. She preached to him of God and of the Christ and of the necessity of a revelation.

The same must be our plan now. For all practical purposes we might as well have in force the ancient rule which allowed none but Catholics to enter our churches during divine service. How few they are who come from among our separated brethren to see for themselves and to hear what we have to say, only those

know who, Sunday after Sunday, look on the same familiar faces in the pews. Therefore, if they do not come to us we must go to them. If the truth of God is worth anything, it is at least worth this trouble from those who value it.

Such is the first reason for a Catholic Truth Society. The world has changed, but the change is only a return of old conditions. The means which were successful in the first spring shall be successful in the second spring. The Church is the same, the truth is the same—only the methods of presenting that truth are altered with the times.

Perhaps one of the most salient features of the organized effort to spread Catholic truth, known as the Catholic Truth Society, is that it is an organization of the laity. In Catholic theology the task of preaching the Gospel was laid upon the Apostles, and by the Apostles given to their successors. St. Paul sums up the teaching of the Church in the pertinent queries, "How shall they call on Him in whom

they have not believed? Or, how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" Therefore, the Bishops, as the successors of the Apostles, in their own dioceses, and the Pope, as the successor of the chief of the Apostles, in the whole world, are the divinely ordained preachers of the Gospel, and they commit that charge to those whom they judge fit. But this oversight does not mean that there is not on each of us the obligation of making our religion known. It means that we are not to set up altar against altar, and that all things should be done in seemly fashion and with one mind. Hence on the laity, too, rests the duty of giving a reason for the faith that is in them. And when the laity are organized, as in this Catholic Truth Society, by the Archbishop of the diocese, who, and who alone, is responsible for the teaching of the faith pure and undefiled, there is no break with the

traditions of the Church, nothing opposed to Catholic habits of thought.

As I have said, our times have their own advantages and their own drawbacks. It is to make use of one of those advantages that the Catholic Truth Society organized the Catholic laity. In this country men of all creeds meet on the common basis of their citizenship. In the ordinary walks of life Catholic and non-Catholic are thrown into close contact. They discuss every question in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. Not the least infrequent of those discussions is on the subject of religion. Non-Catholics who would not think of entering a Catholic church or of speaking to a Catholic priest will eagerly question the Catholic laity concerning the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church. Such an opportunity should not be lost. If any one should know about the Catholic Church surely Catholics should. It is not good taste to force religious subjects into a

conversation, but it is not good policy to be silent when your Church is under discussion. Nearly fifty years ago, in a time of great excitement in England on the subject of the Catholic Church, John Henry Newman wrote words which are true of Catholics, especially in these times and in our own country. He said:

> There is a time for silence, and a time to speak; the time for speaking is come. What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is; it is one of those "better gifts" of which the Apostle bids you be "zealous." You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel. I want a laity not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand; who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity; I am not denying that

you are such already, but I mean to be severe, and, as some say, exorbitant in my demands; I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie the main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory. I have no apprehension you will be the worse Catholics for familiarity with these subjects, provided you cherish a vivid sense of God above and keep in mind that you have souls to be saved. In all times the laity have been the measure of the Catholic spirit—they saved the Irish Church three centuries ago, and they betrayed the Church in England. Our rulers were true—our people were cowards. You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean as well as to feel and mean it; to expose to the comprehension of others the fictions and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church, to the sat-

> isfaction, not, indeed, of bigots, but of men of sense of whatever cast of opinion. And one immediate effect of your being able to do all this will be your gaining the proper confidence in self, which is so necessary for you. You will then not have the temptation to rely on others, to court political parties or particular men; they will rather have to court you. You will no longer be dispirited or irritated (if such is at present the case) at finding difficulties in your way, of being called names, in not being believed, in being treated with injustice. You will fall back upon yourselves; you will be calm, you will be patient. Ignorance is the root of all littleness; he who can realize the law of moral conflicts, and the incoherence of falsehood, and the issue of perplexities, and the presence of the Judge, becomes, from the very necessity of the case, philosophical, long-suffering and magnanimous.—*"Present Position of Catholics in England," Lect. IX, No. 4.*

The Catholic Truth Society cannot create such a laity, but it can organize it

and encourage it. Then, there is a second advantage, as great in its way, if not greater. The American people reads. Perhaps its reading is not deep, but it is wide; moreover, it is impartial. The people will read anything that is readable, no matter what it treats about. Every fad, every humbug, every political measure, every social dream has its expounders, has its readers—why not the old Church that gave printing to the world? We hardly realize what a powerful engine the printing press is. The Church has never despised it; from the beginning she employed it. She employs it now, but in our country not enough. To help in some way to spread Catholic Truth among the people by means of Catholic literature, this, too, is the end of the Catholic Truth Society.

Such are some of the advantages which will favor the work of the Catholic Truth Society. There are, however, disadvantages against which we must strive—

and this brings me to the subject proper of this lecture, "Ghosts in General."

When the prophet of a new political measure comes before the people, men are willing to take him for what he is and discuss his arguments for what they are worth. They are willing to examine the case as he sets it forth and, although they may not agree with him, they give the measure a fair hearing and accept or reject it on its merits. They extend this courtesy to every one who comes before them and claims to have something worth talking about. A new medicine or a new machine, a discovery in morals or a discovery in religion—all claim an attentive audience, and they get what they claim. But there is one society which comes before American non-Catholics and appeals to them in vain. The Catholic Church is in the midst of them—a fact too potent to be denied, an energy too strong to be ignored. She makes lofty claims to their attention. In a world of clashing and conflicting sects she declares that she holds the truth once

delivered to the saints. To those who are tossed about by every wind of doctrine she offers the shelter and security of the Rock of Peter. To those who are perplexed with the riddle of existence she holds out the key that unlocks all mysteries. In an age of doubt she stands for faith. In a land given up, above all lands, to things material, she is the witness of the Unseen. Closer and closer her children throng round her. Deeper and deeper, day by day, grows their devotion to her. As she walks through the land, glorious cathedrals, great churches, schools, colleges and universities, hospitals and asylums spring up where her feet have trod. And all this comes to pass not from State aid but from the munificence of the poor. The ages of faith are renewed and the widow's cruse of oil is not diminished.

Yet, in spite of all her claims, of all her offers, of all her deeds, she cannot obtain a hearing from the non-Catholic body of American citizens. Any other society can be put on trial and can be assured of a fair

verdict—her case is already judged. Even those who claim to be tolerant and broad-minded, and have convinced themselves that they are tolerant and broad-minded, put her aside with a contemptuous shrug. "Catholicity is a dead issue," they say, "a worn-out superstition. Civilization has tried the Church and found her wanting. She may have had her uses among the barbarians of a thousand years ago, or among the barbarians of to-day, but we have outgrown her tutelage. What message can she have for this age? None. Impossible! Absurd!" And they close their ears lest they may hear, and they turn to the betterment of the condition of decayed dogs, or to a scientific examination of mediumistic slate writing, or to the Buddhists or to the Theosophists, or to any clue, no matter how faint, that promises to lead them to spiritual truth, and they refuse to hear her voice who alone has the tidings of salvation.

There are others who, when they hear her claims, shudder at the very name. "Is

she not Antichrist? Is she not the mystery of iniquity? Is she not the scarlet woman drunk with the blood of the saints? To listen to her would bring a curse upon us and ours. She is like that heathen Circe whose voice steals away the senses of men. Let us therefore stop our ears lest we be destroyed. We have seen the fate of this one and that one who dallied with the temptation and fell into her snares. They left the brightness and liberty of Protestantism, and went into the darkness and slavery of Rome. They were bewitched. No man in his sane senses could have done it. Therefore they are insane. Let us keep away from her. Let us never look upon her face. Let us never listen to her voice. She is an accursed thing, even as our fathers told us, and our only safety is to fly when she draws near."

There are others who hear her challenge and answer it back boldly. "We know you of old," they say, "friend of tyrants and enemy of the people. History tells how you have always been on the side

of wrong, never on the side of right. Here in this free republic, by some mysterious chicanery, you have gathered around you the ignorant and the vicious. You have only one purpose. You would destroy our liberties, overturn our schools, and erect on the ruins of the capitol the throne of your Pope. We have no need to listen to you or to examine your claims. The report of you has come down to us from our fathers who went out of you and were saved. Your blighting influence is on every land. Compare Spain with England, compare Portugal with Germany, compare Mexico with these United States. Here your aim is to bring back the darkness of the Middle Ages. Therefore, by trickery and fraud you have got possession of all the political offices; you have your Jesuits in the Cabinet; your secret societies are armed and drilling, you are only waiting for the opportune moment to crush out Protestantism and Liberty together. Listen to you! Hear your case! Let there be no truce with

treason. Let there be no compromise with dishonor."

If, by any chance, the case of the Catholic Church is set forth in public, and they cannot help but listen, think you that they lay aside their prejudice? Newman described the state of affairs in 1851. His description is true of 1897. You, yourselves are acquainted with the facts. Judge then the accuracy of the description:

> However, we will suppose the prejudiced man in a specially good humor, when you set about undeceiving him on some point on which he misstates the Catholic faith. He is determined to be candor and fairness itself and to do full justice to your argument. So you begin with your explanation: You assure him he misconceives your doctrines; he has got a wrong view of facts. You appeal to original authorities, and show him how shamefully they have been misquoted; you appeal to history, and prove it has been garbled. Nothing is wanted to your representation; it is triumphant. He is silent for a moment, then he begins

with a sentiment, "What clever fellows these Catholic are!" he says, "I defy you to catch them tripping; they have a way out of everything. I thought we had you, but I fairly own I am beaten. This is how the Jesuits get on; always educated, subtle, well up in their books—a Protestant has no chance with them." You see, you have not advanced a step in convincing him.

So, while the meanest and poorest have the right to come before the bar of public opinion and demand a fair hearing, the greatest Church in the world, the Mother Church of Christendom, no sooner appears in judgment than the voices are raised, "Away with her! Crucify her! Crucify her!" That I am not exaggerating, your own experience bears witness. I do not mean to classify the whole non-Catholic world under the head of the vulgar ranters who a few years ago disgraced the name of Protestant. But I do mean that all have that temper of mind which renders them averse to examining the claims of Cath-

olicity. With the illiterate, the calumnies that we sell for money permission to commit sin; that we are idolators; that priests are all bad and nuns all wicked; that murder and adultery and lying are favorite pastimes of ours; that we are guilty of fraud in our dealings with the people, and that we grow fat on the credulity of the ignorant—with the illiterate, I say, these calumnies take, and stand in the place of argument. With others, the charges that the priests are in politics, that we have designs on the school fund, that we put none but Catholics into office, are sufficient. With others, the belief that history tells how we were bloodthirsty and cruel in the past, and how we would be bloodthirsty and cruel now if we had the power, is both law and Gospel. With still others, the conviction that we are a survival of the unfittest, that we are an anomaly in the nineteenth century, that enlightenment must slay us—makes them indifferent to our reasoning. And so on—for a thousand arguments or one—through every walk of life,

through every class of society, but the result is the same. Ignore the Church if you can, fight her if you dare, speak well of her if you must, but never, under any circumstance, permit yourself to believe that she may be true and that her claims are worthy of examination by men of sense.

Have you ever heard of a haunted house? perhaps you have seen one. Nobody can tell what it is that distinguishes it from other deserted houses, yet even under the broad daylight it has an air of mystery and peculiar desolation. The windows are broken, grass is growing in the walks, the paint is peeling off the woodwork, the walls are discolored with mold, the trees about grow wild and into strange and fantastic shapes. Rumor runs that unearthly noises have been heard at the dead hour of night—shrieks and the clanking of chains. When friends are gathered round the fire, when jest and laughter follow fast, you may tell the story of the haunted house, and meet with incredulity; but pass it in the night alone, when

the trees nod and beckon in the wind, when the broken windows rattle in their frames, when the boards creak—no one knows why—and the bats whizz in and out of the deserted rooms—and there are few who will not at least whistle to keep up their courage. Why they are afraid none can tell. Why the house should be haunted there is no authentic reason. No one ever came nearer to the Ghost than the man whose brother-in-law's wife's grandfather was related to the man that saw the man that saw the Ghost. Yet the house is haunted; every one says so; every one is right. Have naught to do with it.

Terrible, however, as Ghosts may be in the witching hours of night, when graveyards yawn, not one of them can bear the light of day. As soon as the dawn is grey in the sky the most pertinacious must flit away. Says the melancholy Dane:

> I have heard,
> The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine.

You may see now why I have entitled this lecture "Ghosts in General." To those who do not belong to her communion, the Catholic Church is like some haunted house. Dark and bloody deeds are done within its walls. Strange cowled figures, known as inquisitors, stretch the Protestant upon the rack and then give his tortured limbs to the tenderer mercies of the faggot and the stake. Popes, Jesuits, monks, cardinals, nuns, stalk through its rooms; shrieks and groans are mingled with unholy revelry and blasphemy against the Most High. The pious Protestant stops his ears and flies from the accursed spot. But when the sun rises all these ghosts hie them away. If the terrors of his midnight experience will permit him he may

now examine the house from garret to cellar. But unfortunately he will not. He knows enough about the house—catch him going there again! If he did, as Newman says:

> The spectres of tyranny, hypocrisy and fraud would flit away with the morning light. There would be no more dread of being burned alive by Papists, or of the gutters overflowing with Protestant blood. Dungeons, racks, pulleys and quicklime would be like the leavings of a yesterday's revel. Nor would the political aims and plots and intrigues, so readily imputed to us, seem more substantial, and though I suppose there is lying and littleness and over-reaching and rivalry to be found among us as among other sons of Adam, yet the notion that we monopolized these vile qualities or had more than our share of them would be an exploded superstition. This, indeed, would be a short and easy way not of making Protestants Catholics but of reversing their ridiculous dreams about us—I mean if they actually saw what they so interminably argue about.

The question naturally arises, Whence those Ghosts? Some Ghosts, you know, arise by a kind of spontaneous generation. They come into being on the principle of giving a dog a bad name. Let a house be shut up, let it be untenanted for a long time, let rats hold high revelry in it, and soon the Ghosts appear. Other Ghosts are the creations of mischievous boys or of evil, designing men. But they all have this quality: you must keep away from them if you would believe in them. Once let the clear light of truth shine upon them and they vanish into air.

This is the object of this series of lectures—to study the origin of the anti-Catholic Ghosts. We shall see that some of them are the creation of evil men for evil purposes. We shall see that some of them are the spontaneous productions of disordered imaginations and hereditary ignorance. We shall first study the general sources whence these delusions spring, and we shall take up, one by one, some of the great historic Ghosts, bring them into the

white light of truth, and, as they vanish away in accordance with the law of their nature, we may discover the hidden springs, the wires, the ropes, the pulleys that made them seem so lifelike and so terrible when they stalked abroad among a credulous generation.

The history of human credulity is not pleasant reading. We agree readily enough with the exclamation of the fairy, "What fools these mortals be!" But when we examine the long catalogue of fooleries, and read how often and how grossly and how multifariously men have made fools of themselves we begin to be ashamed of our human nature. But in dealing with the Christian religion men have surpassed all records on all other subjects. The Founder of that religion warned His disciples that such was to be their fate: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is very great in heaven." In His

own person that same Divine Founder suffered the evils which He foretold. He was accused of disloyalty, He was accused of stirring up sedition, He was accused of plotting the overthrow of the institutions of His country. Hardly had His religion begun to take form than these and other calumnies were hurled at it. When Nero, the Roman emperor, was accused of burning Rome he was able to divert suspicion from himself by laying the crime at the door of the Christians. Nothing was too wild, too revolting to be believed about them. For three hundred years they were held up to the patriotic Romans as enemies of the gods and enemies of their country. It was said that they were consumed with a deadly hatred of all mankind, that they fled the light, that they carried out their rites in caverns. They were accused by learned and sober writers of feasting on human flesh. Some inkling of the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist had reached the pagan mind, and such was the interpretation

put upon it. A young child, it was said, was brought into the Christian assemblies. It was covered with flour and then stabbed to death with a knife. The Christians drank its blood and ate its flesh. Such a calumny may seem to you too absurd for credence, yet it was believed. And, strange to say, it has survived through all those centuries, so little does human nature change. It is still common enough among anti-Catholic lecturers of the baser sort who are continually harping on the babies' bones found in convent cellars and convent sewers. But it is one and the same old Ghost that stirred the Romans to frenzy and made the amphitheatre ring with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!"

It is a peculiar characteristic of those Ghosts, that not only are they Ghosts but they are dirty Ghosts. In the old Roman times it was charged by the Pagans that the Christian assemblies were scenes of debauchery and of crimes that are not named without a shudder. The very same calumnies are uttered against the Church to-day

—were uttered from this platform and against you who have lived your lives in this town.

As the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ, as she is the Church of the Catacombs and of the Martyrs, it is not surprising that this continuity of calumny should bear witness to the continuity of her existence. If she has the inheritance of the disciples' glory she must have the inheritance of the disciples' trials. For this if for no other reason we should expect that the great institution founded by Him who was set for a sign to be spoken against should be gainsaid. But there are special reasons why the Catholic Church should be spoken against by our non-Catholic brethren in this country, and why they should have a breed of Ghosts all their own to people the haunted house.

The population of this land is made up of men from every race and country. The earlier colonists, however, came from the British Islands, and they have impressed their language and their laws upon the

whole nation. Only one of the original colonies was in the beginning Catholic, and, as you know, the presecuted Protestants who found a refuge from intolerance in Maryland turned on their hosts and proscribed the Catholic faith within its borders. Before the War of Independence the thirteen colonies were practically Protestant. Their Protestantism was not all of the same variety, but the varieties agreed in one thing, that immediately or mediately they came from England. The Puritans and Cavaliers were English born, the Presbyterians were either from Scotland or the north of Ireland. The religion, therefore, of the colonists, like their language, was English.

Leaving out the Lutherans, the main stream of American Protestantism descends from this source. By American Protestantism I mean not only the sects like the Congregationalists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and so on, but the far more numerous body of non-Catholics who march under no eccle-

siastical banner but agree in this, that they are not Catholics. American Protestantism, therefore, has two heirlooms—the English language and the English tradition about the Catholic Church.

Up to the reign of Henry VIII England had been a Catholic country. That monarch threw off the supremacy of the Pope because the Pope refused him a divorce. In his reign and in the reign of his son the process of de-Catholicizing England went on. It was checked for a while under Mary, but was renewed under Elizabeth and completed under James. The process therefore lasted for over a hundred years. Though it was accelerated by massacres, by murder, by the stake, the rack and the gibbet, by fine, imprisonment, confiscation and banishment, it was still a slow process. It is not easy to rob a people of the faith which their fathers before them had professed for nearly a thousand years.

We often wonder when we read the history of those times how it was done. The common Protestant theory is that there was

a great awakening of the human mind and that the benighted Catholics saw the light of the Gospel for the first time and flocked around it. We know that the common Protestant theory is wrong. The movement from beginning to end was a political movement. In the reign of Henry VIII it was directed against the Pope because the Pope would not pander to Henry's lust. In no other article of faith would he allow dissent, and he burned the poor Lutheran who denied the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament as cheerfully as he beheaded his Lord Chancellor who denied the royal headship of the Church. In Mary's time the Parliament acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope; in Elizabeth's time the Parliament repudiated it. Macaulay's words concerning the persons who introduced the Reformation into England are severe, yet Macaulay was a Protestant of the Protestants:

> A king whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified, unprincipled

> ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament, *such* were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest. . . Of those who had any important share in bringing the Reformation about, Ridley was perhaps the only person who did not consider it as a mere political job.—*Essay on Hallam.*

But the Protestant movement in England, such as it was, was a success. It was the religion of the court, and therefore became a passport to royal favor and political preferment. It became the synonym for all that was cultured, for all that was powerful. It was no advantage to the Catholics to protest that they, too, were loyal, to muster in thousands around their queen when the Armada threatened England. The Protestant party determined that they were to be disloyal, and as dis-

loyal they were branded by act of Parliament, by popular rumor, by the tradition of literature. It was of no avail for learned men to write in the defense of the old Church—their books were burned by the common hangman, and they, too, if the powers that were got their hands on them, suffered the fate of their books. It was of no avail to speak of the services of the ancient religion; the ancient religion was declared to be a thing of mummeries and superstitions, and straightway, in the mouths of courtiers, in the mouths of the leaders of fashion, a thing of mummeries and superstitions it became. It was of no avail to point to the fact that the bulk of the people clung to the ancient faith; what were the people without leaders? Therefore, take their leaders, banish some beyond the seas, clap others into prison and chop their heads off as traitors, and, behold, the people, like sheep without a shepherd, are scattered on every hill. So it was in England—the politicians decreed that the old religion should go, and go it

did. They called its professors ignorant, and ignorant they became. They called its defenders disloyal, and disloyal they were. Let Papist be a name of reproach; let Mary, the Catholic, be "Bloody Mary;" let Elizabeth, the Protestant, be "Good Queen Bess;" let Jesuitical mean dishonorable and tricky; let monk stand for bigot; let Catholic be another name for superstitious and reactionary, and let the great Church which civilized the world be the mother of abominations. As it was decreed, so it was done. Those politicians did their work well. They made England a Protestant country by making Protestant a word of blessing and Catholic a word of reproach. The tradition which they founded was handed down from father to son. If a chance Catholic should protest—for two centuries and a half—the laws took care that his protest should not be heard. Now that he can be heard, the dead weight of the tradition continues the work of the penal laws. Therefore it is that the Catholic Church

is refused the hearing which our American people give to every other system. The traditions of England were carried over to this land, and here they grew and thrived. The necessities of our war for Independence made us tolerant, but the old leaven was still in the new lump. Catholics were few and far between. The old prejudice was propagated in Sunday school and in public school, in the pulpit, in the history, in the novel, in conversation, in the manners of the people. Catholicism was something outlandish, strange, suspicious, disloyal. That Catholics had horns and that their priests had cloven hoofs was an article of faith in some localities; in all localities Catholicism was an evil to be dreaded, a superstition to be set aside as unworthy of the contemplation of serious men.

So the tradition continued even to our own day. The increasing numbers of Catholics may have modified its virulence in some respects; in others the growth of the Church has intensified it. While English

speaking Protestantism in this country is of English descent immediately or mediately, the earliest and the main stream of English speaking Catholicism had its origin in Ireland. Now between England and Ireland the quarrel of centuries has left hard and bitter feelings. In the end England proved the luckier and she ground the sister island beneath her heel. She ravaged the land from end to end. She drove out the leaders of the people. She strove for a hundred years to force her new religion upon them, she made a nation that, if left alone, would be considered prosperous and learned, "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

When men act with one another in the way England acted with Ireland, they must give some reason to themselves and others for their action. So England explained to the world why it was necessary to plunder Ireland so often and to harry her people and to reduce her periodically to starvation. Of course, the explanation must not hurt England. All the fault

must be laid at the doors of the mere Irishry. They were little more than savages, treacherous, cruel, dishonest, given to shooting the virtuous English from behind hedges, and, under all circumstances, "agin the government." They were unfitted for self-rule — watch their eternal squabbling, though their squabbling is but mild compared to that in which the politicians of other lands indulge. They are lazy and improvident. It is true we have deliberately killed their manufactures and permitted landlordism to rob them of their earnings twice a year—still, what can you do with people who live in thatched cabins and burn turf? Then their priests own them. They are the degraded servants of the hierarchy. If they would only turn Protestant, we should be inclined to pity them; but the best we can do for Papists is to exterminate them; send them, by the sword of Cromwell in one century, to hell or to Connacht; send them, by the bitter famine in another century, to the workhouse or to America.

This was the story England told the world, and the English colonists carried it to this new land. The Irishman was some kind of an inferior creature born to be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to the Anglo-Saxon. He was something half man and half monkey; sometimes amusing, always contemptible. Then he worshipped the Pope, paid to have his sins forgiven, hated the Bible and therefore could neither read nor write, but was in all things degraded and to be despised.

Hence, when in the first half of the century the great Irish immigration set towards these shores we had so many outbreaks of anti-Catholic fanaticism. The old Ghosts came up out of their graves and went up and down the dark places of the land. Lodges were founded, meetings were held, oaths were sworn to protect the country from the Pope, the Devil and the Irish.

You see, then, that two of England's traditions, the tradition about the Catholic and the tradition about the Irish, met in

this country to form a very obnoxious and terrible Ghost. It is true that where the new comers were brought in close contact with the old residents of the land the Ghost was speedily laid. Personal friendships, business connections, intermarriage, conversions, all tended to exorcise the evil spirit. But it would be untrue to say that it does not still exist. The tradition still runs at times in a subterranean current, but given a favorable opportunity it comes to the surface and sweeps thousands with it.

You, yourselves, can judge if I speak the truth. If any one should say that the Episcopalians or the Baptists or the Methodists were storing arms in the basement of their churches, and were getting ready to massacre all who did not believe with them, no one would credit it. Say that the Catholic churches are arsenals and that the Catholics are preparing to murder Protestants, and the story is believed. No authority is asked for this truth; no authority is given. No one thinks of ex-

amining the churches to find out for himself. The tale is in complete accord with the Protestant tradition. It agrees with what Protestants were told in their youth; with what they read in their histories. The Catholics were always cruel, always bloodthirsty. The Ethiopian does not change his skin or the leopard his spots.

Again, if any one should say that Presbyterians have all the political offices worth having, no one would believe it. At least there would be some examination of the records; some search for facts. But say the Catholics hold all the offices, and then rattle off a list of Irish names as proof of your assertion, and the fiction is swallowed. Men will not take the trouble to find out what is the proportion of Catholic office holders to non-Catholic office holders, or the proportion of the Catholic population to the non-Catholic population. No; they believe at once that the Pope's Irish have captured the works. They have always heard that the Bishops and priests and Jesuits were cun-

ning fellows, and that the Catholics have by such cunning been foisted into public offices, is all of a piece with their information.

Let any platform speaker get up and characterize all Catholic countries as ignorant and unprogressive; no one is surprised. It is just what they expected. Let any magazine writer stigmatize the Middle Ages as bloody and intolerant—every one remembers the adjectives he uses as old familiar friends—is it not so written in our school histories? Let a Catholic protest against such histories, and straightway he has designs on our public schools. Let him attempt to correct the popular notions about his fathers in the faith, and he is asked does he think he can throw dust in the eyes of the enlightened American public at this end of the nineteenth century?

But you can supply illustrations from your own experience far better than I. These are the Ghosts which we must send flitting back to the shades from which

they emerged, by the cold, white light of truth. This is the work of a Catholic Truth Society. And on the very threshold we shall meet one of those suspicious spectres. Why a Catholic Truth Society? Why Catholic Truth? Truth has no religion. Protestant Truth is as good as Catholic Truth. What, then, must this Catholic Truth be but a wicked perversion of history to deceive us into surrendering our glorious heritage of the Bible? We shall not quarrel about a word. Truth is of no religion. Catholic Truth means only the truth about Catholics. We care not from what source it comes; truth is as welcome from the Protestant as from the Catholic. All we want is the truth, and all we want is that our non-Catholic brethren should examine what we have to say. We do not expect to make them all Catholics by our crusade. That work belongs solely to Him who holds in His hands the hearts of men and sweetly disposes all things as He wills. We have but one object, and that is to bring men

to see realities, not Ghosts. We wish them to see with their eyes, and to hear with their ears, and to handle with their hands, and to say if we are the traitors, the sots, the scoundrels, the ignoramuses, that the great Protestant tradition represents us to be. We ask them to give the Catholic Church the American privilege of fair play and to hear the side of the accused before passing judgment. This is not an unreasonable request, and should not be denied us. And it shall not. Falsehood has had its day, and mayhap a long day, but its longest day must have an end. No lie is eternal. Sooner or later the truth must prevail. To have some share in securing the triumph of truth is the aim of a Catholic Truth Society. The signs of the times are clear that the triumph cannot be long delayed. The Church is free. She is not compelled to hide in catacombs or in garrets. She walks in the midst of men, and, though her enemies may cast dirt at her and slander her and gnash their teeth at her,

they cannot deceive men forever. Man's heart was made for truth. The scales of the tradition shall some day fall from the eyes of our brethren, and then shall they see the beauty of the Church of God even as the prophet saw her when her feet were fresh on the hills of eternity. "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, beautiful as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array?"

II.—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

IN July, of 1775, George Washington took command of the American troops before Boston. Though they had shown their mettle at Bunker Hill, they were still raw levies and sadly in need of military discipline. To inculcate discipline, to procure supplies and to guide the military operations over a vast extent of territory, was the task Washington set himself to accomplish in the second half of the year 1775. He succeeded, and his success meant independence.

One of his general orders dealing with discipline has an interest for Catholics. In New England the 5th of November was known as "Pope's day." A figure representing the Pope was carried through the streets in mock procession and burned. In 1775, when November came round, the New England soldiers before Boston were

preparing for the usual celebration. Washington heard of it and issued an order, in which he said:

> As the Commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy in Canada.

By those words was laid forever one of the most terrible and bloodthirsty Ghosts of the great Protestant tradition. It was an English Ghost, which had been brought over by the Puritans to these shores. It was a Ghost which had been

evoked by English political needs to divide the English people and to rivet on their necks a tyranny, the most abject known in history. It was a Ghost which made intolerance possible, and secured, at least for a time, the triumph of the "divine right of kings to govern wrong." It was but fitting that a new nation, which had grown tired of kings, and was destined to become an exemplar of religious liberty to all peoples, should at the very beginning of its struggle for freedom put to flight forever that obnoxious spectre. And it is among the proudest boasts of Catholics that a libel on their loyalty was so early in our history refuted forever by one who knew how to fit noble words to noble actions—George Washington.

The day known in New England as Pope's day is known in Old England as Guy Fawkes' day. When we say a man "dresses like a guy," or when we speak of "guying" a person, in the sense of making him ridiculous, we are paying tribute

to Guy Fawkes and the effigy which was solemnly burned on the 5th of November. In the Established Church of England the day was a holiday, and was marked on the Calendar of the Book of Common Prayer as the "Papists' Conspiracy." The Anglican clergy were commanded to give warning to the people on the Sunday before "for the due observance of said day." For the feast "a special form of prayer with thanksgiving" was provided. The wording of the petitions offered to Almighty God was fearful and wonderful. It was stated in them that the King, the royal family, the nobility, clergy and commons were, "by Popish treachery, appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner beyond the examples of former ages." They also contain many pleasant and comfortable expressions about "Popish tyranny," "the secret contrivance and hellish malice of Popish conspirators," "cruel and bloodthirsty Papists," "enemies that delight in blood," and much more to the same effect,

very edifying to the pious Protestant worshipper and very conducive to tolerant and charitable feelings toward his Catholic brother. In order that nothing might be lost of the meaning of this service a sermon was preached, in which Rome's Red Hand was held up to public execration. Of course, in the Anglican Church, as among our own preachers, there were some who had the Pope for breakfast, dinner and supper; but, as among us, they were not very numerous or of much influence. But on the 5th of November every clergyman, moderate and extreme, broad and narrow, high and low, tolerant and intolerant, good, bad and indifferent, got into his pulpit and demolished Popery with all its works and pomps. In the evening there were popular sports and an effigy known as Guy Fawkes was paraded through the streets and burned with every circumstance of righteous disapproval. To be sure, the small boy was the chief beneficiary of such proceedings. The firecracker habit, which we associate

with the Fourth of July, was by young Britons associated with the 5th of November. Naturally, the small boy had not the slightest idea of what it was all about. It was not at all clear in his mind whether Guy Fawkes was the Pope or the devil; but the common opinion was that he was a Papist of some kind, and the difference between the devil and a Papist was entirely too small to notice.

When the small boy grew up and was able to understand sermons, he learned that the celebration was a solemn national thanksgiving for a great deliverance. The liberties of England and the pure faith of Protestantism had been miraculously preserved from the Papists, who, as the prayer had it, "turn religion into rebellion and faith into faction." He would be told that those Papists were wicked and bloodthirsty, and were consumed with a deadly hate of Protestants in general and of British Protestants in particular. In fact, many years ago they conspired to blow up the King, lords and commons with gun-

powder. In this conspiracy they were all concerned, from the Pope down to the peasant. Moreover, there was neither rhyme nor reason for their attempt. They had received no provocation, but were driven to the bloody design through "pure cussedness." Besides, in doing so they were only acting according to the principles of their religion, which tells them that it is no sin to murder a heretic. Indeed, in the eyes of Catholics it is a most meritorious act to overthrow a Protestant government simply because it is Protestant. The attempt failed because God had the King of England in His especial keeping. Therefore, all loyal Protestants observe the day as a day of thanksgiving. In the morning the parsons blow up the Pope in the pulpit, and in the evening the small boys blow up Guy Fawkes in the market place to the inspiring and patriotic refrain:

Remember, remember
The Fifth of November.

If we turn now to the text books of history in common use among us, we shall find the following account of the transaction which made the 5th of November memorable. For instance, let us take the paragraph devoted to the subject in that notoriously sectarian book, "Myers' History," which, in contravention of the laws of California, is used in so many of our public schools:

> The Gunpowder Plot (1605).—In the third year of James' reign was unearthed one of the most fiendish plots imaginable. This was nothing less than a plot to blow up with gunpowder the Parliament building, upon the opening day of the session, when King, lords and commons would all be present, and thus destroy at a single blow every branch of the English government. This conspiracy, known as the Gunpowder Plot, was entered into by some Roman Catholics, because they were disappointed in the course which the king had taken as regards their religion. The

leader of the conspiracy was Guy Fawkes. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were secreted in the cellars beneath the chamber occupied by the lords, and then the conspirators quietly awaited the assembling of Parliament. The timely discovery of the plot was brought about by means of a letter of warning from one of the conspirators to a Catholic lord (his brother-in-law), begging him to absent himself from the opening of Parliament. "God and man," ran the mysterious message, "have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time; . . . for, though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them." The closing lines of the letter awakened a suspicion as to the nature of the plot; the vaults beneath the Parliament House were searched, and the terrible secret was discovered. Fawkes, who was keeping watch of the cellar, was arrested, and after being put on the rack, was executed. His chief accomplices were also seized and punished. The alarm cre-

ated by the terrible plot led Parliament to enact some very severe laws against the Roman Catholics.

This is substantially the orthodox 5th of November account of the conspiracy, though told more by innuendo than by direct statement. As the paragraph is very general it may be well to go a little more into detail in order to get a clear idea of the plot and of its results.

In March of 1603 Queen Elizabeth died. She was succeeded by James, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was James VI. of Scotland, but is commonly known as James I. of England. His mother had been murdered by Queen Elizabeth, and died protesting that she suffered because of the Catholic faith which she professed. Her son had been raised a Protestant by the Scottish Lords. The 5th of November, 1605, was a Tuesday and had been appointed for the opening of Parliament. It is the custom of the English legislature to meet, on the first

day of the session, in one room, the House of Lords, to hear the speech from the throne. In King James' time that speech was delivered by the monarch in person. On the morning of this first Tuesday in November, 1605, the city of London was stirred to its center. The streets rang with the news that a diabolical plot had been discovered in the course of the night. In a cellar beneath the House of Lords an immense quantity of gunpowder had been found. In the cellar a man, who gave the name of Johnson, had been arrested. When he saw that the game was up, he frankly acknowledged that he was there to fire the magazine while the King was addressing Parliament, and, with one blow, destroy the government. When questioned, he doggedly refused to say who were his accomplices, or whether he had any.

On examination it was found that Johnson's real name was Guy Fawkes, and that the cellar had been hired by one Thomas Percy, a Catholic gentleman and a connec-

tion of the Earl of Northumberland. It also came to light that Percy, with several others, had fled from London on Monday, and news arrived from the interior shires that they were attempting to instigate a rebellion against the crown. The sheriffs of the various counties through which they passed raised men immediately and pursued them. On Friday, November 8th, they were brought to bay. Four were killed or mortally wounded, and the others were brought to London and lodged in the Tower.

On the day of the discovery of the plot, Parliament met and immediately set about considering measures designed to insure the more effectual execution of the penal laws against Catholics. On the Saturday of the same week, November 9th, King James made a speech to Parliament, in which he said that the plot was the direct result of Catholic principles, for the Papacy, according to him, was "the true mystery of iniquity." He also expressed his opinion that "these designs were not

formed by a few," that "the whole legion of Catholics were consulted," that "the priests were to pacify their consciences, and the Pope confirm a general absolution for this glorious deed." Immediately after the speech Parliament was prorogued until January.

In the meantime the prisoners were examined by the government officials, and torture was freely used to force them to confess. You know what torture means. The unwilling witness was bound upon the rack, his limbs were stretched until the bones were dislocated and the muscles strained. Red-hot irons seared the quivering flesh and red-hot pincers tore the nails out by the roots. We have the King's directions concerning Guy Fawkes—"If he will not otherwise confess, the gentler tortures are to be first used unto him, and so gradually come to the worst. And so God speed your good work."

On January 15, 1606, a proclamation appeared offering a reward for the capture of three Jesuit priests, John Gerard,

Henry Garnet and Oswald Greenway, and stating that it had been proved that they were particularly implicated in the treason. On the 21st of January, Parliament reassembled and took up the work of the Penal Laws. Four days later an act was passed providing for the observance of the anniversary of the discovery of the plot. In that act the guilt of the crime was laid upon "many malignant and devilish papists, Jesuits and seminary priests, much envying the true and free possession of the Gospel by the nation, under the greatest, most learned and most religious monarch who had ever occupied the throne."

On January 27th eight of the prisoners were put on trial. The indictment charged that the plot was contrived by Garnet, Gerard, Greenway and other Jesuits, to whose traitorous persuasions the prisoners at the bar had wickedly yielded. They were all found guilty, and four were executed on January 30th, and the others on January 31st.

On the day the first batch suffered, Father Garnet was captured. His hiding place had been known for nine days previously, but the authorities waited till the chief conspirators were out of the way before taking him. With him was arrested Father Oldcorne, another Jesuit, who was never charged with knowledge of the plot. Garnet was examined as many as twenty-three times before the Council, in the hope of incriminating him. But no proofs were ever forthcoming that he was guilty of any complicity. He was brought to trial on March 28th, and on May 3d he was hanged. Father Oldcorne was also put to death on the charge of having aided and abetted Garnet in his attempt to escape. In government publications the Gunpowder conspirators were from that time described as "Garnet, a Jesuit, and his confederates."

You see, therefore, that from the very beginning the Gunpowder Plot was treated by the government as the work of the Catholic Church. It was char-

acterized as flowing from Catholic principles and as backed by the priests. If it were the attempt of a few wild and turbulent men, little importance could be attached to it. But if it could be shown to be a Catholic plot, approved by the Catholic authorities, it immediately assumed immense proportions. Hence, you see that from the very moment of its discovery it was laid at the door of the Papists. Before the conspirators could be examined it was attributed to the priests, and in the act of Parliament by which the religious thanksgiving was established the opinion was set forth in unequivocal language that the whole design was caused simply and solely by hatred of the Protestant religion. The result was the destruction of all hopes of toleration entertained by the Catholics. The old laws were enforced with new severity, fresh laws were enacted. The Protestant politicians, or that part of them represented by the government, were triumphant. A Ghost had been created, which after two centuries and a half still

scares Protestants away from the Catholic Church. The charge of disloyalty was fixed upon Catholics, and the very word Jesuit was entered in our dictionaries as a synonym for treason, craft and all iniquity.

It is a very suggestive fact that our knowledge of the trial and of the designs of the conspirators comes to us from one source. In those days there were no enterprising newspapers to conduct investigations on their own responsibility and to spread an account of the proceedings in court broadcast among the people. We are dependent entirely on the government officials for what we know. Even in our days, and with all our opportunities, it would not be entirely safe to take for granted all that the law officers of the State might assert. It is not an uncommon allegation in our sensational trials that the police have been more anxious to convict a prisoner than to discover the truth. If such allegations can be made, and by men of reputation, in this free country where the light beats so fiercely on all pub-

lic proceedings, we can well imagine what may have been done in the secrecy of the torture chamber in a hasty trial at a time when all documents were controlled by the prosecution—when the prosecution meant a government determined to make political capital out of the guilt of the accused.

From the official history we learn the following account of the progress of the plot: James I. came to the throne in 1603. Elizabeth had harried the Catholics until the very last, and only two months before she died a proclamation ordered all Catholic ecclesiastics to leave the country, under pain of death. With the accession of James the Catholics hoped that at least the memory of his mother would restrain his hand. They did not petition him for freedom of worship, as we understand it—all they asked was permission to have their worship at least in private houses, if not with approbation yet without molestation. Now, at that time, every Catholic who did not attend the Protestant church was fined twenty pounds a month. As money then

was at least ten times as valuable as now, a Catholic whose conscientious convictions would not permit him to take part in the Anglican service had to pay $1000 a month for his refusal. The answer which James gave to the Catholic petition was a promise not to exact those fines. Though only half a loaf, it was better than no bread, and the Catholics were tolerably content because they were relieved from an imposition which was surely reducing them all to beggary. The king's promise was observed until the following year. Then, like a bolt from the clear sky, came a proclamation banishing all priests beyond the seas. The order went forth that the fines for non-attendance were to be collected at once. Not only were those fines to be exacted in the future, but the back dues, which, according to the King's word, had been practically remitted, were now demanded in a lump.

When King James came down from Scotland he brought with him his Scotch Lords. They were a hungry crowd, and the

feeling between the English and the Scotch, at no time good, was now more bitter than ever. This feeling was shared by Protestants as well as Catholics, and has lasted with much of its ancient virulence even to this day. Those needy adventurers from the North saw a gold mine in the Catholics. James actually farmed out the Englishmen who refused to go to the Protestant church to his Scotch followers, granting them liberty, to use his own words, "to make profit of them." Is it any wonder that when Guy Fawkes was under examination before the King and his Council he replied to a Scotch nobleman who asked him what he intended to do with all the gunpowder, "To blow the Scotch beggars back to their native mountains."

Now, it was said that as soon as James broke his promise certain daring and reckless Catholics of good family conspired to get revenge. In 1604 Robert Catesby proposed a plan to John Wright and Thomas Winter to blow up their persecutors. Guy Fawkes, who had seen service in the Neth-

erlands, was brought over as a man likely to be of service. To those four, three others, among whom was Percy, were added later, making the original number of the conspirators.

About the middle of December, 1604, the conspirators are said to have commenced operations. The place where the Lords met was a chamber in a house about fifty feet from the river Thames. Under the chamber was a room commonly called a cellar, but which was in reality a large room on the ground floor on a level with the street. This room was usually rented out. Between the Parliament house and the river were several lodging or tenement houses. One of these houses was leased by Percy in May, and in December it is said that the conspirators began to dig a tunnel from the cellar of this house in under the house of Parliament. It was the intention to run the mine directly under the Peers' chamber and to place therein sufficient gunpowder to effect their purpose. They began their work on Decem-

ber 11th, and by Christmas they had reached the foundations of the Parliament house. The earth which was taken from the tunnel was said to be hidden under the turf in an adjoining garden, and they protected the tunnel as they went with framed timbers. After the Christmas holidays they began their work on the foundations, which they found "very hard to beat through." From the beginning of January, 1605, to the middle of March they worked at the foundations but were able to get only half way. One morning as they were digging they heard a rushing noise in the cellar or room above their heads. Fearing they were discovered they sent Fawkes to investigate. He found that the noise proceeded from the moving of a store of coal which one Bright was selling out. Fawkes carefully surveyed the place and remarking that it was immediately under the Peers' chamber considered that it was just the place to fire the mine. Accordingly he told Percy, who went and hired it. The tunnel was now abandoned

and the powder was transferred to the cellar. The barrels were covered with firewood, and the conspirators dispersed to await the assembling of Parliament, seven months afterward.

During this interval the money of the conspirators ran low and it became necessary to initiate certain Catholic gentlemen of fortune into the plot. One of these, Francis Tresham, was brother-in-law of Lord Monteagle, a Catholic peer, who would attend the opening of Parliament.

On the 26th of October, ten days before the famous 5th of November, Lord Monteagle received an anonymous letter in which he was warned "to devise some excuse to shift your attendance at this Parliament; for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time." Monteagle took the letter to Salisbury, who was then what we would now call Prime Minister. Salisbury kept the letter for several days, and finally, about the end of the month, he showed it to King James. James interpreted it to mean that

it was proposed to blow up Parliament with gunpowder. The act of Parliament which established the 5th of November as a holiday, says that the treason "would have turned to utter ruin of this whole kingdom had it not pleased Almighty God by inspiring the King's most excellent majesty with a divine spirit to discover some dark phrases in a letter." Still nothing was done by the government until the night of the 4th of November, when a guard was sent to search the room under the Lords' chamber, and there Guy Fawkes was found and the gunpowder, as I have already described.

This is the story of the origin of the plot as given in the evidence published by the government, which evidence is our sole source of information. It is an extraordinary story and deserves careful examination. Of course, within the limits of a lecture like this it would be wearisome and confusing to go minutely into the evidence. But there are certain broad features of the transaction which

deserve notice, and to present them will not, I hope, be too severe a strain on your attention.

In the first place, then, you will remember that when Parliament was forming the great Ghost which was to frighten future ages, the guilt of the plot was laid at the door of the Catholics. Popes, priests, Jesuits and all, were at the bottom of it, and they had no reason in the world except an ungodly hatred of the Protestant religion.

Now, I am far from justifying such a crime as the Gunpowder Plot, but I am just as far from justifying King James and his ministers. Loyalty is a virtue inculcated by the Church, but loyalty has its limits. A government exists for the benefit of the governed, not for the benefit of the governors. To a good government, or even to a half decent government, we are bound by the law of God to be obedient, not because we are afraid of the government, but because of God's law. To a bad government no man is bound to be

loyal. On that doctrine the fathers of the United States took their stand, and on that doctrine every American citizen stands with them.

In the days of James I. things were far different from what they are now. There was no popular government in the proper sense of the term. Parliament met and began to show some signs of political freedom; but Parliament was still a creation of rotten boroughs and had not in the early years of King James' reign recovered from the despotism of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. In our times political changes are effected by a campaign among the people and a victory at the ballot box; in James' time political changes were effected by plots and rebellions. In the time of Queen Mary of England the English Protestants had risen twice, but unsuccessfully. In the time of Queen Mary of Scotland the Presbyterians were in a condition of chronic rebellion and succeeded. The conspirators might well have called to

James' memory the fact that his father had perished in a successful gunpowder plot engineered by the leaders of the Scotch Presbyterians. Hence when we read of rebellion in those days we must judge of it according to the standard of those days, and instead of condemning it in the abstract and merely as rebellion, let us ask ourselves, was there any provocation for it?

As we have seen, the great Protestant tradition had it that there was no reason whatever except the ingrained disloyalty of Catholics towards a Protestant government. Let us see what are the facts.

When Elizabeth came to the throne after the death of her sister, Mary, in 1558, or nearly half a century before the Gunpowder plot, she began to root out the old religion with fire and sword. Since the days when the might of the Roman Empire was warring with the infant Church there was never such a persecution. During the whole of Elizabeth's reign the rack seldom stood idle and the

ax was glutted with blood. All priests were comprehended under a general sentence of death, and those who aided them were felons, whose end was the halter or imprisonment for life. To wear an *Agnus Dei,* a little piece of wax stamped with the figure of a lamb to remind us of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, was punishable by outlawry, forfeiture of all goods and chattels to the Queen and imprisonment for life.

> Nor has this prohibition been at all times an empty menace. The possession of an *Agnus Dei* was the foremost charge in the indictment brought against the first of our Martyrs among Missionary priests in the reign of bloody Elizabeth. "As soon as the Sheriff came into the chamber," say the Acts of the martyrdom of Cuthbert Maine, "he took Mr. Maine by the bosom and said to him, What art thou? He answered, I am a man. Whereat the Sheriff, being very hot, asked if he had a coat of mail under his doublet; and so unbuttoned it and found an *Agnus Dei* case about

his neck, which he took from him, and called him traitor, rebel, with many other opprobrious names." Maine was hanged, cut down alive, falling from a great height, and then quartered. He was the first fruit of a sanguinary persecution which lasted a hundred years. John Wilson, while they tore out his heart, said, "I forgive the Queen, and all that are the cause of my death." Edward Campion was cruelly torn and rent upon the rack at divers times. "Before he went to the rack he used to fall down at the rack-house door, upon both knees, to commend himself to God's mercy; and upon the rack he called continuously upon God, repeating often the holy name of Jesus. His keeper asked him the next day how he felt his hands and feet, he answered, 'Not ill, because not at all.' He was hanged and emboweled at Tyburn." Ralph Sherwin came next; the hangman taking hold of him with his bloody hands which had been busy with the bowels of the martyred priest who preceded him, said to him, thinking

to terrify him, "Come, Sherwin, take thou also thy wages." But the holy man, nothing dismayed, embraced him with a cheerful countenance, and reverently kissed the blood that stuck to his hands; at which the people were much moved. He had been twice racked, and now he was dealt with as his brother before him. Thomas Sherwood, after six months' imprisonment in a dark and filthy hole, was hanged, cut down alive, dismembered, boweled and quartered. Alexander Brian had needles thrust under his nails, was torn upon the rack, hanged and beheaded. George Haydock was suffered to hang but a very little while, when the Sheriff ordered the rope to be cut, and the whole butchery to be performed upon him while he was alive and perfectly sensible. John Finch was dragged through the streets, his head beating all the way upon the stones; was then thrust in a dark and fetid dungeon, with no bed but the damp floor; was fed sparingly, and on nothing but oxen's liver. Here he was left first for weeks, then for months; till at

length he was hanged, and his quarters sent to the four chief towns of Lancashire. Richard White, being cut down alive, pronounced the sacred name of Jesus twice, while the hangman had his hands in his bowels. James Claxton was first put into the *little ease,* that is, a place where he could neither stand, lie, nor sit; there he was for three days fed on bread and water. Then he was put into the mill to grind; then he was hanged up by the hands, till the blood sprang forth at his finger ends; at length he was hanged, dying at the age of twenty-one years.—*Newman's Present Position of Catholics.*

But the clergy were not the only sufferers. It was death to reconcile any one to the Catholic Church; it was outlawry to hear Mass, to receive the Sacraments, to educate children as Catholics, to wear or possess rosaries or crosses. To refuse to acknowledge the Queen's spiritual primacy or to attend the Protestant services was punished with fine and imprisonment. In the twentieth year of Elizabeth's reign

we read of a certain Elinore Brome, wife of Sir Christopher Brome, who was convicted of a felony and punished as a felon for wearing an *Agnus Dei* sent to her by her sister. In 1596 the prisons of York were filled with those who refused to consider Elizabeth the head of the Church, and eleven were executed, three priests and eight laymen.

The fines were levied unsparingly both on the rich and the poor. At first non-attendance at Protestant service was punished by a fine of one shilling a Sunday, but it was soon raised, as I have already said, to twenty pounds a month. Afterwards men were made to pay ten pounds for their Catholic wives, ten pounds for their children and ten pounds for their servants, and, in order to squeeze them to the last drop, thirteen months were counted in the year. Those who were unable to pay were stripped of their goods. Coverlets and blankets were taken from the beds in the cottages, nay, the very beds themselves, the furniture, the cloth

the people had spun for the winter clothing for their children, were seized. The food that was cooking on the fire was poured away, and the pot or pan was carried off by the Queen's officers. In one list of those who refused to go to the Protestant services, 2,000 names are written, and of those all but fifty were of the middle class and the poor. In one year, in the city of York alone, 1,000 were indicted; in Lancashire, 600; in various other counties over 6,000. In Hereford 409 families were reduced to beggary. Those whose means permitted fled over seas, but the vast majority were compelled by circumstances to remain at home and either suffer beggary, imprisonment and even death, or else sell their souls.

Add to this that the privacy of the home was liable to be broken at any time of the day or night by the officers of the law, who were empowered to make search for objectionable persons or for superstitious objects. These officers of the law were notorious scoundrels, who made a living

by plundering Catholics. The doors were burst open, the sick dragged out of their beds, the beds ripped to pieces, the flooring torn up, the walls pierced, locks forced, closets, drawers, coffers, rifled. Scarcely a night passed, we have it on contemporary authority, even in the neighborhood of London, but soldiers and catchpoles broke into quiet men's houses and stole everything they could lay their hands on and carried off the unfortunate Catholic householder to prison unless a bribe large enough were forthcoming.

The monotony of assaults on individuals was varied by raids on a more extensive scale. Whole villages were suddenly surrounded and sacked. The Catholics fled to the woods, and the Protestant preachers who usually led such "drives" plundered at their own sweet will. Death itself was a relief when compared with imprisonment. The jails were filthy holes, full of vermin and disease. Out of fifty-eight persons at one time imprisoned by the

Archbishop of York for refusing the test oath, forty died in prison.

I recall those things not to create bad feeling. Thank God those times are past and gone. I present you with this faint picture of the reality so that you may answer for yourselves the question: Suppose all the Catholics did conspire to blow up the King, did they not have provocation? Would it be any wonder if a small knot of men, suffering from such laws as those, would be driven by their despair to the wild justice of revenge? It is necessary to invoke the supposition that it was hatred of the Protestant faith and of the liberty of the Gospel which nerved the conspirators to that daring which is the last refuge of the wretched. Of course the design was terrible, was diabolical, if you will. Let those who wish to dwell on the appalling results of the explosion do so if they please: but it is only common justice to dwell also on the provocation. The persecution was more diabolical, more terrible than the plot, because

there was no reason whatsoever, except greed and politics, for the persecution; as incentives to the plot were the mangled limbs of the martyrs, the father rotting in the dungeon, the wife and children starving in the beggared home. If it were true that all the Catholics had conspired to end their oppression by one dread blow, let those who have no sympathy for the injured, let those who have no indignation against wrong, let the enemies of justice and the friends of tyrants blame them—we cannot praise them, but neither do we blame.

But is it true that the Catholics of England had a part in the conspiracy? From the very beginning the government strained every nerve to connect the plot with the whole Catholic body. Although there was absolutely no evidence forthcoming, the public utterances of the King and his ministers stamped it as the Papist conspiracy. The tradition was founded, the Ghost walked abroad. But lies cannot last forever. Even those who believe in the

reality of the plot attribute it to a handful of hotheads. In the very latest book published on the subject, "What Gunpowder Plot Was," the author, Professor Gardiner, a Protestant, speaks the following weighty words:

> No candid persons, indeed, can feel surprise that any English Roman Catholic, especially a Roman Catholic priest, should feel anxious to wipe away the reproach which the plot has brought upon those who share his faith. Not merely were his spiritual predecessors subjected to a persecution borne with the noblest and least self-assertive constancy, simply in consequence of what is now known to all historical students to have been the entirely false charge that the plot emanated from, or was approved by the English Roman Catholics as a body, but this false belief prevailed so widely that it must have hindered, to no slight extent, the spread of that organization which he regards as having been set forth by divine institution for the salvation of mankind.

This opinion, from one of the most eminent of English historians, should sweep away forever the charge that the plot was the work of the Catholic community. It is a clear, frank acknowledgment that, though the Catholics were so sorely tried, they were guiltless of the charge so pertinaciously brought against them. What George Washington accomplished for America let us hope that the words of Professor Gardiner shall accomplish for the whole English-speaking world.

But there remains a further charge, that if the body of English Catholics did not approve of the plot, at least their spiritual advisers did. You will remember that after the discovery both King and Parliament attributed it to the priests. The preamble to the Act establishing the 5th of November as a holiday declares that it was the work of many malignant and devilish Papists, Jesuits and seminary priests. One Jesuit, Father Garnet, was found guilty and executed; another Jesuit

suffered the death penalty for attempting to help his brother in religion to escape.

To understand the terms used here, it may be well to state that in Elizabeth's time the old Catholic clergy of England began to die out. The Catholic Bishops had been imprisoned, and there was no one to take the place of the disappearing pastors. Of course, it was absolutely impossible, because of the persecution, to train up priests in England, so Cardinal Allen, an Englishman, established a seminary or college at Douay, to which young Englishmen might repair. When they were ordained they returned to England, carrying their lives in their hands. The Jesuit Order, which had been founded in 1540, now began to attract some of the English scholars who had been driven from Oxford. They, too, came back to their native land. The Douay priests were known as missionary or seminary priests, and together with the Jesuits they went up and down the country, encouraging the weak, firing the zeal of the con-

stant and restoring thousands who had fallen away. Their success made them objects of the special hatred of the Protestant party, and this is the reason for the anxiety shown by the government to connect them with the Gunpowder Plot.

As we have already seen, three Jesuit priests—Gerard, Garnet and Greenway—were denounced in a proclamation as "peculiar practicers" in the treason. One of them, Garnet, was caught and executed. The conspirators were said to have bound themselves by a solemn oath to carry out their design. Afterward, to make their vow more solemn, they received Holy Communion. At the trial, Coke, the Attorney-General, told the jury that this oath was administered by Father Gerard. If this were true the guilt of the Jesuits would be beyond question. Coke held the confessions extorted from the prisoners on the rack, and therefore pretended to speak by the book. Fortunately the text used by Coke has come down to us. It is Fawkes' description of

the beginning of the conspiracy. It states that the original plotters met in a room apart and took the oath. They then went into another room, where they heard Mass and received the sacrament from Father Gerard. Then followed the words, "But he saith that Gerard was not acquainted with their purpose."

As I have said, we have a copy of the confession used by the Attorney-General. The government's plan was, by hook or by crook, to incriminate the Jesuits. We find, by an examination of the manuscript, that when Coke came to the statement, "Gerard was not acquainted with their purpose," he marked it off with red ink and wrote on the margin, "Thus far," as a sign that the evidence which would clear the priest should not be read. This is only one specimen of the wholesale and systematic falsification of the evidence which the government committed in order to make a case.

Two days after the plot was discovered, the archpriest of the English Catholics

published an address to his co-religionists, in which he speaks of the conspiracy as "an intolerable, uncharitable, scandalous and desperate fact," "a detestable device"; he declared that "without most grievous offense of God and Holy Church, private violent attempts cannot be thought of, much less aided or maintained by Catholics."

More than this, we know that in 1604 James was in communication with the Pope. As you remember, there was high hope that when James came to the throne he would at least give toleration to the Catholics. The communications with Rome were on this subject and had for their object some sort of a mutual accommodation. The negotiations came to nothing in the end, but they had this one result that strict letters were sent to the Jesuits and missionary priests warning them to discountenance all disloyal practices and to prevent, as far as they could, disturbances against the government. This policy was kept up even when the penal

laws were put in force again, the policy of the Catholics being expressed in the words of the archpriest, that "our quiet behavior may procure a mitigation of our troubles."

But the tiger had tasted blood. Little did the heads of the Catholic Church in England know of the wickedness of those who would exterminate their religion. We have seen that the vast body of the English Catholics had no connection with the plot; we have seen that the missionary priests and Jesuits were guiltless. We now come to the most interesting question of all, "What was the true inwardness of the plot itself?"

Elizabeth was the last of her house. When she died the family of Henry VIII. came to an end. The question of her successor, therefore, was one of great anxiety to the politicians who held power under her. In those days the notion of hereditary succession was not as clear as now. It was complicated by Acts of Parliament excluding various families from

the crown, and the will of the preceding sovereign counted for much in the choice. During Elizabeth's time her own title was questioned. She was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, born during the life of Henry's first wife, Catherine of Arragon. The divorce of Henry from Catherine was pronounced by the Reformers; if she wished to uphold her legitimacy she should uphold the Reformation. On her accession, therefore, she surrounded herself with the Protestant politicians and strove in every way she could to crush out Catholicism.

The most formidable competitor for the crown during Elizabeth's reign was Mary, Queen of Scots. If Elizabeth were illegitimate, Mary was the rightful queen. She, however, was an ardent Catholic; the whole Protestant party was united against her. When Elizabeth at last got Mary in her power she put an end to her pretensions by sending her to the block.

It is a curious fact that in those times we hear much of plots, conspiracies and treason. One of the commonest devices of

the government was to set its agents creating a plot and then at the proper hour discover it. For a long time Elizabeth shrank from the crime of murdering her cousin, the Scottish Queen. Her ministers, however, knew how to overcome her scruples. A plot was contrived into which several young Catholics were inveigled. The object of the plot was to kill Elizabeth, and to seat Mary on the English throne. Now we know that the ministers were well acquainted with this plot. All the letters between the conspirators passed through their hands. At the moment they judged opportune the plot was discovered and the papers laid before Elizabeth. The result was Mary's death. During the rest of the reign we are constantly hearing of plots. Of them an acute French writer remarked that, no matter by whom they were concocted, they all had this in common, they were extremely beneficial to those against whom they were directed.

The chief minister during the closing years of Elizabeth was Robert Cecil, Lord

Salisbury. He was of the Protestant interest, was very bitter toward Catholics, and depended for his power on keeping the Protestant party in office. His character has been described by historians with a singular unanimity. He was a man utterly devoid of truth or morality. While the minister of Elizabeth, he was secretly intriguing with James, and while the minister of James he was in receipt of a pension from the King of Spain for betraying State secrets.

The candidates for the crown at the death of Elizabeth were the son of the King of Spain, Arabella Stuart, and James, King of Scotland. The Spanish claim was favored by the extreme Catholics; Arabella Stuart's claim was favored by the extreme Protestants. But the vast body of the Catholics had the national antipathy to Spain and hoped that the son of Mary Queen of Scots would at least tolerate his mother's religion. Salisbury, though of the Protestant interest, was not favorable to the claims of Arabella Stuart.

Her friends, especially the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, were his enemies, and his one object in life was to keep his own place secure. Therefore it was that long before Elizabeth's death he entered into correspondence with James, and when his time came he was able to swing his party into line for the King of Scots. James was therefore a compromise candidate, and the Catholics naturally looked to him for some relief from the penal laws. When he ascended the throne he began to show some signs of tolerance, and in reply to a Catholic deputation he promised to remit the fines for non-attendance at the Protestant service.

Having thus secured the "machine," Salisbury turned the machinery to make his own position secure. His government was a government of spies and informers. If we wish to get a good idea of it, let us look to the English methods still practiced in Ireland. Informers abound. Not only do they get into secret societies to betray them, but they establish secret so-

cieties in order to have something to betray. That Salisbury was an adept in this system of statecraft all historians acknowledge. We are, therefore, not surprised to read that a plot to dethrone King James was discovered in 1603, the year of the King's accession. Raleigh was found guilty of complicity, and his subsequent imprisonment rendered him harmless to Salisbury.

But the Catholic party remained; and the Catholic party was increasing by leaps and bounds. The result of the promise made by James to remit the fines was startling. In one year ten thousand Protestants returned to the old faith, out of which they had been harried in Elizabeth's reign. The situation was becoming desperate. If conversions should continue at this rate, the place which Salisbury had built up for himself on the foundation of Protestantism would soon fall to the ground. Unless the growth of Catholicism could be stopped, Salisbury's ambition was doomed. To prevent this alarm-

ing defection in the ranks of Protestantism now became the aim of a man who knew no scruple when his personal aims were to be attained.

The first lever he used was the Puritans. As you know, Protestantism is not one coherent system of religion. Its basis is denial of or protest against Catholicism. But all Protestants do not deny the same doctrines or the same number of doctrines. Some deny one, some two, some three, and so on until you reach those who deny all. As it is to-day, so it was in the days of King James. There were two great parties among the Protestants, some protesting against more and some protesting against less. The section which protested against more was known as the Puritan party. They did not believe in ceremonies, or in surplices, or in making the Sign of the Cross, or in a fixed form of prayer, or in church government by Bishops. James had a special hatred for the Puritans. He declared that since he was a child they had made his life miserable;

he expressed his opinion of their aversion to the episcopacy in the words, "No Bishop, no king," and it was more than suspected that their preferences lay not with him, but with the other claimant, Arabella Stuart.

It was easy, therefore, to turn the King against the Puritans and to induce him to execute the laws which demanded conformity with the Established Church. No sooner had he done so than Salisbury took advantage of the fact to remind him that he should be just and demand from Catholics what he asked from Puritans. So well did the minister press his point, that in 1604 was issued the proclamation banishing the priests, and soon the collection of fines gave the King an easy method of recompensing his Scottish followers. But, Salisbury was not satisfied with this step. The Catholics were numerous; some of the great noblemen favored them. One especially, the Earl of Northumberland, was Salisbury's rival. The King might change his mind. A new policy would mean new

advisers. It was necessary to clinch the matter, once for all. Turn back the Catholic tide, and the fortunes of the house of Cecil would be secure. When, therefore, we ask the question, What was the true inwardness of the Gunpowder Plot, there is a strong antecedent probability that a scheme which was of such benefit to Salisbury may not have been concocted without Salisbury's superintendence.

And, indeed, when we come to examine the story, we are met with some extraordinary questions.

The discovery of the plot was dramatic. The night before Parliament met the gunpowder was found. The people were told that only a special providence had saved the government. So secretly had the Papists worked that their design had all but succeeded.

This dramatic situation was intensified by the story of the mine. If they had been able to carry out their first designs, nothing could have saved Parliament from utter destruction. Yet, if it is ever

possible to prove a negative, if any evidence can show that a certain thing never happened, we have conclusive evidence that the whole story of the mine is a fraud.

Suppose that at the time of the anti-Catholic meetings in this hall, some Catholics had hired rooms across the street and attempted to run a tunnel under this temple to blow up the beetle-browed. Suppose their design was discovered. Are there police enough in this town to keep back the crowds who would want to see that tunnel and carry away something as a relic? Human nature in London at the beginning of the seventeenth century and human nature in San Francisco at the end of the nineteenth, are the same. Yet, strange to say, no one ever saw the tunnel which the Gunpowder conspirators are said to have constructed. No one ever saw any trace of it. The walls of the Parliament house were burrowed half through; when the old Parliament house was pulled down in 1823 there was not a

sign of such burrowing. One man, indeed, has put it on record that he discovered the place where the conspirators were working, but, unfortunately, he puts it on the wrong side of the house. Besides, the earth which was dug out of the mine is another difficulty. Where did it all go? The government report says it was hidden under the turf in a small garden adjoining; but the government report is absurd. If you remark the immense amount of stuff that comes out of even a small excavation, you can understand the absurdity of the attempt to hide it away under the turf of a small lawn. Add to this that none of the conspirators was an engineer, that to dig a tunnel through soft soil is a most dangerous operation; that the place in which they worked was a public place, with people passing at all hours of the day and night; that for weeks they were hammering away at a nine-foot wall under a room which was open to the public and was used as a coal shed, and that, during all that time, no one heard them, or sus-

pected anything wrong. You might as well attempt to make a tunnel across Fifth street into the United States Mint, and work at the foundations from January to March, without being discovered, as do what Guy Fawkes and his fellows were said to have done. A corps of skilled engineers might attempt it, but that men, who never handled pick or shovel, could accomplish it, is simply incredible.

The second plan is still more extraordinary. The cellar, as it is called, bore the same relation to the House of Lords as do the stores under this temple to this hall. It was level with the street, and it was open to the public. We are asked to believe that the conspirators were able to bring thirty barrels of gunpowder into this room secretly and leave them there for seven months, with no protection but a covering of bundles of firewood; that they separated in March, some going to take the waters at Bath, some to visit friends, without leaving a single soul to watch the place; that they came back just

in time for the opening of Parliament and found everything undisturbed; and this, remember, not in a basement in an out of the way place, but on the very ground floor of a royal palace, around which dwelt hundreds of officials, and in a room which was absolutely open to the public. We are asked to swallow all this, and, no matter how willing we may be, there are certain things which pass the powers of human credulity.

All this is supposed to have happened under the very nose of a government the most suspicious in Europe. Had we not unimpeachable testimony to the fact, we could hardly credit how extensive and how thoroughly organized its spy system was. It had emissaries in every court on the continent, and it is an established fact that even in Rome itself it was able to get the documents sent out to the English Catholics before those to whom they were addressed ever laid eyes on them. Add to this, that the chief conspirators were known to the government as lawless and

turbulent men. Several of them had been arrested in Elizabeth's time as likely to give trouble, and others had been concerned in the riots known as Essex's rebellion. Percy, who hired the cellar, was particularly distinguished for his recklessness, and it is known that at the time of the plot he was a bigamist, having one wife in one county and another wife in another.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us now turn our attention to the story of the discovery. The common account has it, that one of the conspirators sent a letter to his brother-in-law warning him to remain away from the opening of Parliament. This was ten days before the date set for that ceremony. At first, it is said, Salisbury made little of the document, but that some days afterward the miraculous penetration of the monarch, who was known as the "wisest fool in Christendom," discovered that it referred to an attempt to blow up the government with gunpowder.

Now, it is as certain as anything can be that eighteen months before the discovery the government knew what was going on. This we know on the authority of the government itself. Again, among the State papers we find almost every month up to the date of the plot references to a design soon to be carried out. When, however, we discover that Percy was seen coming out of Salisbury's house at two o'clock in the morning, while the plot was still in progress, and that Catesby, who was the prime mover in the affair, went to the same house several nights before the discovery, and was always brought privately in at a back door, and that Lord Monteagle, who received the alleged warning, knew that he was to receive the letter, it is not easy to resist the conclusion, substantiated by Salisbury's own son, that the whole plot was a contrivance of the chief minister to advance his own ends.

This conclusion becomes irresistible when we consider the fate of the conspirators. It is an old axiom that dead men

tell no tales. It was not an uncommon thing in those days, "the game being secured, to hang the spaniel that caught it." Now, when the conspirators fled into the interior counties they had no followers and no firearms. It was quite easy for the law to secure them, all alive. Yet it somehow happened that Percy, Catesby and two others who were in the plot from the beginning, and who could have given most information concerning it, were shot down, and it also happened that the man who killed Percy and Catesby received for his service a pension of five dollars a day for life. The two were unarmed; he shot at them from behind a tree; by killing them he silenced the two most important witnesses in the case. If we cannot set down his munificent reward to his bravery, we can set it down to his skill in ridding Salisbury of those who might have said too much.

Such are the chief features of this great Gunpowder Plot. We have seen that, even were the traditional story true, the Catho-

lics had provocation that human nature could hardly bear. We have seen that, in spite of all, they remained quiet hoping for better times. We have heard the words of one of the most eminent living historians, an Englishman and Protestant, acquitting them of all complicity in it. We have seen how the evidence shows that the Catholic clergy were entirely innocent, and we have seen, too, that what we know of the inner history of the times points to the conclusion that the whole scheme, if not devised by Salisbury from the beginning, was fostered by him and used with diabolical skill to the consolidation of his political fortunes.

For the Gunpowder Plot was a success. It made Salisbury the most popular man in England and annihilated his most formidable rival, the Earl of Northumberland. It was the death blow of Catholicism. To quote Mr. Jardine, a Protestant writer:

> The political consequences of this transaction are extremely important

> and interesting. It fixed the timid and wavering mind of the king in his adherence to the Protestant party, in opposition to the Roman Catholics; and the universal horror, which was naturally excited, not only in England, but throughout Europe, by so barbarous an attempt, was artfully converted into an engine of suppression of the Roman Catholic Church; so that the ministers of James I., having procured the reluctant acquiescence of the king, and the cordial assent of public opinion, were enabled to continue in full force the severe laws previously passed against the Papists, and to enact others of no less rigor and injustice.

These new laws bore upon the English Catholic layman in every relation of life, in every profession, in every occupation. They deprived him of the right of acting as an executor of a will or as a guardian of a child. They forbade him to know law lest he might defend his rights; they forbade him to know medicine lest he might heal his sick. He was forbidden to

reside within ten miles of the city of London; he was prohibited from going five miles away from his own house unless he had permission from four Justices of the Peace. His home might be broken into at any hour of the day or night, his horses and arms seized, his books and furniture burned. The government began to make profit of him as soon as he was born and they did not cease even when he was laid in his grave. For every child, not baptized by the Protestant minister, the parents were fined in the sum of one hundred pounds; for every corpse, not buried in a Protestant graveyard, the heirs were fined in the sum of twenty pounds. Besides these, the exaction of fines for non-attendance at Protestant service, went merrily on, and the persecution of the ministers of religion filled the land with blood.

While the penal laws, the hanging of priests, the beggaring of Catholics with fines, the turning back of the stream of conversions, all contributed to the destruc-

tion of Catholicism, yet the gravest damage done the ancient religion was by the plot itself. We have seen how at once it was used to affix a stigma of treason and cruelty on the whole Church. The popular histories said little about the conspirators themselves, but they said much about Rome. Those popular histories made popular opinion. The Ghost walked abroad. It was a bloody Ghost and the grandfather of all the other Ghosts. From the days of James I., the Catholic faith became associated in the English mind with all iniquity. It was an institution hating Protestants with a deadly hatred and sticking at nothing in its desire to exterminate them. Jesuit became a name of reproach; priest a word of mockery. For over two centuries, year after year, the 5th of November stamped those falsehoods deeper in the English mind. But, thank God, the night is past and the dawn is grey in the sky. The Ghost can walk no longer. Men are now recognizing that even were the whole account as given by the gov-

ernment true, the Catholic body cannot be held accountable for the wild deeds of a few who were goaded beyond endurance. Scholars are searching patiently among the records of the past, deciphering the crabbed writing of those crabbed politicians, and slowly but surely unravelling the tangled skein. It may be that we shall never know the whole truth concerning the Gunpowder Plot, but these things are put beyond the reach of criticism. First, the official account that has come down to us is falsified in substantial matters. Secondly, the plot was known to Salisbury long before the Monteagle letter, and at no time was the King or the Parliament in danger of destruction. Thirdly, the plot was fostered by Salisbury's tools for the purpose of entrapping the clergy, if possible, into its meshes, in order to excite public opinion against the Church. Fourthly, it is more than probable that the plot itself was, in the first instance, conceived and set on foot by Salisbury himself, to contrive the destruc-

tion of his one remaining rival and to consolidate his power by ruining the prospects of the Catholics.

He was successful. Protestantism triumphed, but not the Protestantism which he represented. Puritanism came like a flood on the nation, and in that flood the monarchy itself went down. The country was rent and ravaged with civil war and the blood of Protestant, shed by Protestant, was mingled with the Catholic blood which their fathers spilled. Charles I., the son of James, went to the block, and the last stand made for his craven grandson, James II., was made by those Papists whom the grandfather had stigmatized as naturally disloyal.

So time brings its revenge. Those days are past and gone; but they have their lesson for us. They should evoke in our minds, not sentiments of resentment, but sentiments of toleration. Religion was debased then to further a politician's ambition, as religion may be used now. Let us be instructed by the past. In this

country we have set religion in an inviolable sanctuary and we have drawn round her the magic line that no unhallowed foot may cross. She is the Ark of the Covenant in the care of those whom she has chosen; let no unhallowed hand be laid on her. We Catholics have suffered most from the prostitution of religion to politics; we, therefore, should be the most determined to preserve religion free. Give us fair play in the present and give us fair play in the past. We are not ashamed of our record. All we ask is the truth. Let its clear and steady beam pierce the past. And as it illuminates those unfamiliar regions we shall see the figure of the grand old Church standing majestic, bathed in light, and without spot or wrinkle; while in the outer darkness are the gibbering Ghosts, whose power to injure has forever passed away.

III.—THE POPISH PLOT.

YOU may have noticed how, from time to time, in this city, and in other cities of the Union, some spirit has moved preachers of various denominations to denounce the Pope. A sermon is delivered, in which the alleged iniquities of Rome are described in lurid colors; the doctrines of Catholicism are held up to public reprobation; the amazing growth of Popery is set forth as a menace to our free institutions, and it is confidently predicted that, unless the power of the Church is in some manner curbed, the future of this country is freighted with desolation and woe. It has also been remarked that, after the said preachers have delivered themselves of their lamentations for successive Sundays, something happens that make their congregations very desirous to get rid of them. It may be that there is a special providence which takes

care of the congregations, and removes from the midst of them men whose mission it is to stir up strife. It may be that the tolerant spirit of our separated brethren revolts from the unfounded denunciation of men and women whose only crime is that they are in communion with the old Church, which saw the beginning of all other churches. But, generally, there is another reason. It will be usually found, on examination, that the anti-Catholic preacher has long been a candidate for dismissal. It is only when he finds that he is loosing his hold upon his flock, that he thinks of reviving his popularity by attacking Rome. A young preacher is said to have consulted one of his elders in the profession as to the best means of stirring up his congregation to renewed interest. "My son," said the experienced minister in reply, "My son, go for the Papists."

When a congregation is deeply anti-Catholic, such advice produces momentary success. The members naturally rally

round the man who voices their suspicions and supplies arguments to their prejudice. In rallying round him they, for a time, lose sight of his unfitness and forget their grievance against him in the face of their greater grievance against the object of his attack.

This is as true of politics as it is of religion. There is hardly a community which has not a special antipathy. In some places it may be a sentiment against a certain race; in some places it may be a feeling against a certain corporation; in most places it is a decided dislike to a high rate of taxation. It is common experience that unscrupulous politicians try to ride into power by catering to such antipathies. They put themselves at the head of the opposition, and, by a vigorous denunciation of the object of popular disapproval, they blind the eyes of the people to their personal unfitness.

As Protestantism is in its nature a protest against Catholicism, a strongly Protestant nation will be strongly anti-

Papal. Hence, though the politician may have no religion whatsoever, he will find it to his advantage to appeal to the anti-Catholic spirit. If the leaders of one party wish to smirch their opponents it is an easy plan to raise the cry that they are in league with the Pope. If the accused wish to repel the charge they must outdo their adversaries in their repudiation of Popery. If one party seeks to gain credit by taking harsh measures against Catholics, the other party will go it one better and take harsher measures still. If a politician blunders in the civil or political affairs of the country an easy method of turning public attention from his mistakes is to raise the cry of danger from Rome. It is true that those devices are successful only where the anti-Papal feeling is very strong and the Catholics very few. The motto of the old Roman empire was to crush the strong and spare the weak. The motto of your politician is to despise the weak and to worship the strong.

As we saw in the last lecture, the deathblow to Catholicism in England was dealt by the Gunpowder Plot. That terrible charge was laid at the door of the Catholics of England. The government accounts of the conspiracy formed public opinion; and the government accounts were framed for the purpose of defaming the Church. The annual celebration of the day in the Establishment perpetuated the calumny and deepened the public hatred of Papists. The sentiment of loyalty, the sentiment of humanity were enlisted against bloody fanatics who knew no ruth when the interest of their church was at stake. When Catholics would speak in their own defense the prison doors yawned for them and the rack stood ready to answer their arguments. The fines were reducing them to beggary and their numbers were constantly lessened by the defections of those to whom the merciless persecution was too hard for flesh and blood to bear.

The result was that Catholics became

few and far between. They formed a small fraction of the population and their abodes were in the remote counties. A new generation grew up, which knew of Papists only by repute. The oft repeated history of the Gunpowder Plot, with its conspirators and Jesuits and priests, planning the destruction of the country formed the popular idea of the Catholic. Is it any wonder that Protestant England looked upon Popery as the mystery of iniquity, and was ready to believe any tale, no matter how incredible, about the followers of the Pope?

It is a curious fact that the ultimate result of the Gunpowder Plot was a series of calamities for the dynasty in whose interest it was concocted. You know that in King James' reign the power of the Puritans, or the extreme party among the Protestants, began to grow. James was succeeded by his son, Charles I. In his reign Puritanism came into conflict first with the Established Church, and afterward with the King. In both conflicts

Puritanism was triumphant. The Episcopalian character of the Anglican Establishment was changed into Presbyterianism and the son of James I. was brought to the scaffold. While it is true that the arbitrary imposition of taxes was the cause of the revolution, it is also true that the revolution was made possible by the national hatred of Popery. The Puritans accused the Bishops of being Papists in disguise, and the King, who had married a Catholic Princess, was suspected of the same superstition. The Puritan revolution was religious as well as civil, and its chief strength came from that dread of Catholicism which the ministers of James I. had made a national tradition, and the politicians of the Puritan party knew well how to use. When the struggle between Charles and his Parliament was submitted to the arbitrament of war, the extreme Protestants took the field against the King. After a cruel struggle the Puritans were triumphant, and less than half a century after the first famous 5th

of November, Charles I. was executed by the victorious revolutionists.

The triumph of Puritanism accelerated the action of a tendency common to all Protestant sects, namely the tendency to division. While all the Puritans were hostile to church government by Bishops, some were hostile to church government altogether. The Presbyterians protested against Episcopacy, but in its place they substituted a government by synods or other assemblies far more centralized and far more despotic. The Independents held that each congregation was separate and independent. To-day we call the Independents, Congregationalists. The party which triumphed in England was not the Presbyterian faction, but the Independent faction. At the head of a powerful army Cromwell maintained the supremacy of his sect. England had exchanged the royal despotism for a military despotism. When Cromwell died the supremacy of the Independents came to an end. Twenty years had passed away since the struggle

with Parliament began. Civil war had scourged the nation and Puritanism had disgusted the mass of the people with its hypocrisy and its sourness. The royalists and the Presbyterians combined forces and in 1660 Charles II. was restored to the throne of his father.

With his accession begins the history of modern politics. Up to this date the government of England had been a personal government. The likes and dislikes of the King made and unmade ministers. Henceforward the government is a government by Parliament. Although in theory the King still retained supreme authority and the choice of his advisers, those advisers became more and more the creatures of a majority in the legislature. Parliament was not then a democratic assembly representing the people. The franchise was limited and the seats were filled with the nominees of the great houses, of the country squires and of the wealthy merchants of the cities. Government by party began. As in this country

we have two great parties, Democrats and Republicans, so in England they have two great parties, Whigs and Tories. They took their rise in the reign of Charles II., and English political history since then is made up of their struggles for power.

As we have seen, the quarrel between Charles and his Parliament was practically a struggle between the Established Church and Puritanism. The Cavalier stood for the system of religion set up by Elizabeth, and, when the Roundhead triumphed, he abolished Episcopacy and prohibited the use of the Book of Common Prayer. The same measure which the Episcopalians had meted out to the Catholics, was now measured out to themselves. Between the different factions of the Puritans the same intolerance reigned. The Presbyterian hated the Independent, and the Baptist, who now comes into notice, was loved by neither. But all, Presbyterian and Baptist, Congregationalist and Episcopalian, hated the Pope. Then was seen the phenomenon so often repeated even to our

own day. The Protestant sects may wrangle among themselves and may persecute one another even to the effusion of blood; but once whisper the word Catholic in their ears and they forget their differences and spring to arms against the common enemy. Cromwell, who was the leader of the Independents, has left a name which is a synonym for bigotry, cruelty and hypocrisy. He drenched Ireland with Catholic blood, and, even to this day, his atrocious deeds are not recalled without a shudder.

When, therefore, Charles II. faced his people for the first time, he faced a nation tired of civil war, weary of military despotism, yet divided into factions, the one intolerant of the other. The Catholics, who were few in number, had naturally taken the side of the King in the civil war, on the principle that of two evils they should choose the lesser. The majority of the people, disgusted with Puritanism, looked with favor on the Established Church; the Puritans, divided into at least

three hostile denominations, feared the vengeance of their former victims. To calm their apprehensions, Charles had, before his landing, published a declaration in which he promised liberty to tender consciences in matters of religion. This declaration gave general satisfaction and the Catholics began to hope that the night of the persecution was passing away and that they might be allowed to worship their God in peace.

The first Parliament of Charles II. met in 1661. A wave of loyalty had spread over the country. The reaction against Puritanism was at its height. With the exception of a small handful all the members were fanatically devoted to the King and to the Established Church. At once the Puritans began to feel their vengeance. By the corporation act they were excluded from municipal office and by the act of uniformity they were excluded from the Established Church.

Relying on the promise of the King, both the Protestant dissenters and the

Catholics petitioned for relief. "Put not your trust in princes," is an old and true saying. Charles was more solicitous of his crown than of his good word. He was afraid to cross the intolerant temper of his Parliament and the promise of tolerance, like so many other promises, was broken almost as soon as made.

The legislature, which in the beginning was so loyal to the King, now began to suffer the inevitable reaction. It divided into two parties, one in favor of the political measures adopted by the court and the other opposed to them and to the King's ministers. The former or court party was known later in the reign as the Tory party and the members of the latter were nicknamed Whigs. At that time France, under the rule of Louis XIV., was the most powerful nation in Europe. During his exile Charles had lived on the charity of the French Court, as his mother was of the Royal House of France. Naturally, when he came to the throne his sympathies turned to the nation which

had befriended him. He entered into a close alliance with Louis XIV. and surrendered to him the town of Dunkirk for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds. The enmity between France and England had been of long standing. Dunkirk was the last of the great possessions which the English Kings once held on the continent. Its sale, therefore, hurt the national pride and the country or Whig party grew more and more embittered against the King and his ministers.

To strengthen their position the Whigs began to raise the cry of "No Popery." France was a Catholic nation. Charles had married a Catholic princess of Portugal. If they could persuade the country that there was an insidious design to extirpate the Protestant religion, they could even coerce the King. But the Tories were able to play that game too. If the Whigs were loud in their denunciations of Popery, the Tories could be louder. If the country party could introduce new and more severe measures of repression,

the Tories could take those measures, add to them and make them their own. Thus early in their history began that policy which was described in our times by saying that the Tories found the Whigs in bathing and ran away with their clothes.

Though the promise of tolerance had been broken, both the Puritans and the Catholics still continued to remind the King of his engagement. Charles was a man of abandoned morals, and that he had any religious sentiments whatsoever is a matter of doubt. Nominally he was a Protestant; but like so many in his day and in our day, the word meant merely an indifference to all religious forms. Hence, he had no personal animosity against any sect or belief, and it is quite probable that if he had his way he would have granted universal toleration. But universal toleration was far from the thoughts of the people. It was an idea too tender for those harsh times. Now, it had been held by the crown lawyers that to dispense with the operation of penal laws was one

of the prerogatives of the sovereign. Toward the end of 1662, Charles published a declaration in which he announced his intention to apply to Parliament for an act enabling him to "exercise with more universal satisfaction the power of dispensing." He added that he had no doubt that the Parliament would support him, as he was bound by his solemn promise to grant some relief to those who suffered for conscience sake.

The country party saw its opportunity. The No-Popery Ghost stalked abroad. It was declared that the King had little concern for the oppressed Protestants, he only wished to relieve the Papists. Rumors were spread that he was a Catholic at heart, and that Jesuits and priests were making converts all through England. Popery was on the increase and if the Protestants of England did not look to it they might soon find themselves subject to the Pope.

The court or the Tory party was not to be outdone by the Whigs. When Par-

liament met, Charles opened it with the usual speech, and dished his opponents by demanding the enactment of new laws to check the progress of Popery. Tories and Whigs vied with one another in carrying out his recommendation. Even a bill to relieve the dissenters or Puritans and making special exception of the "Popish religion," was defeated, and both parties presented an address to the King asking for a proclamation; and the Parliament again manifested its devotion to the true and reformed faith by another address, calling on the King "to put in execution all the penal laws against Catholics, dissenters and sectaries of every description."

But this sweeping and sanguinary provision did not appease the bigotry of the Established Church. Year by year the political measures adopted by Charles and his ministers kept alive the spirit of hostility between the country party and the court; and both parties, when their policy was called in question, took refuge behind the No-Popery Ghost. In 1666 London

was ravaged by a great fire, which destroyed two thirds of the city. The houses were mostly built of wood, the streets were narrow, and, as in the great Chicago fire, a violent storm spread the flames. But those natural causes did not satisfy the temper of the time. The opponents of the court declared that it was a punishment from God on the immorality of the King and his ministers; the court party retorted that it was a punishment from God on the wickedness of the Puritan rebellion. Both parties, however, soon found a common scapegoat. The fire was the work of the Papists. To quote from the words of Lecky:

> Panic-stricken by the rapid progress of the flames, half-maddened by terror and by despair, the people at once attributed it to deliberate incendiarism. The Dutch and French were the first objects of their suspicion, but soon after the Papists were included, and were dragged in multitudes to prison. A Portuguese who, according to the custom of his coun-

try, picked up a piece of bread that was lying on the ground and placed it on the ledge projecting from the nearest house, was seized upon the charge of throwing fireballs. Among the crowd of terrified prisoners was a poor Frenchman, whose brain appears to have been turned by the terror and excitement of the scene, and who confessed himself the author of the fire. He appears to have been simply a monomaniac, and the judges openly declared their utter disbelief in his disjointed and unsupported story; but in the temper in which men then were, he was condemned, and the King did not dare to arrest his execution. Nor was the panic suffered to pass away. Although a Parliamentary committee, after the strictest inquiry, could find nothing whatsoever implicating the Catholics (who, indeed, could have gained nothing by the crime), it was determined in the most solemn and authoritative manner, to brand them as its perpetrators. The Monument, erected in memorial of the Catastrophe in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of London, bore two Latin

inscriptions, commemorating the rebuilding of the city, and the Mayors by whose care the Monument was erected. The third inscription was in English, that all might read it, and it was to the effect that "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this ancient city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty and introducing Popery and slavery." In the reign of James II. this scandalous inscription was taken away, but it was restored at the Revolution and was not finally removed till 1831. Another and very similar inscription was placed in Pudding Lane, on the spot where the fire began, and remained there till the middle of the last century, when it was removed on account of the crowds who gathered to read it.—*Lecky's England in the Seventeenth Century, Ch. ii.*

When Rome was burned, Nero was able

to throw the guilt on the Christians. When London was burned, the Protestants were able to throw the guilt on the Catholics. For neither charge was there a particle of evidence, but the result was in both cases persecution. The monument stood in the midst of London, the capital of the country. To the thousands and thousands who passed by, it trumpeted forth its lying charge. Generation after generation grew up under its shadow, and, from its teaching, learned to hate the Catholic name. Like the celebration of the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, it made popular opinion. Is it any wonder that the Protestant tradition should be so strongly anti-Catholic? Is it any wonder that those, whose youth was fed on that tradition, should be ready to believe anything, no matter how extraordinary, against it? Though the charge was baseless, though it was instigated by sordid motives of political gain, though the educated must have known its untruth—what did the people know? Their teachers

were the effigies of Guy Fawkes and the monument of the great fire. Those were the Ghosts which haunted their dreams. Those were the preservatives of Protestantism in that land—

> Where London's column pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.

But there is worse to come. Since Charles' accession his chief minister had been Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. Like all men who hold power for any length of time, he had many enemies. For years they strove against him and at last they accomplished his downfall. The brother of the King was James, Duke of York. As Charles had no legitimate issue, James was the heir presumptive to the throne. He had married Hyde's daughter, and the statesmen who had accomplished the chief minister's downfall feared the vengeance of the Duke. They had come into power the year after the great fire, and their constant

endeavor thenceforward was to exclude James from the crown.

In 1668 James gave them an opportunity which they were not slow to use. He was converted to the Catholic Church. He knew the danger to which this change of creed would expose him and he hoped to be permitted to attend the service of the Established Church in public, while he was privately in communion with the Catholic Church. To his surprise he learned that such double-dealing would be a sin against God's law, and to his credit, be it said, he took his resolution at once. He avowed himself a Catholic and was ready to stand the consequences.

It would be too tedious to follow the crooked politics of the times and to trace the various measures by which the opponents of James worked their will. Suffice to say that in 1672 the country was at war with Holland, and the savage laws against the dissenters kept the nation in turmoil. Charles resolved to use his dispensing power and published a declara-

tion suspending the operation of the penal laws in the case of dissenters. When Parliament met in the following year the No-Popery cry was raised. Charles was compelled to withdraw the declaration. The opponents of the Duke of York now urged on the war against him. A law was passed known as the Test Act, by which all persons holding any public office under the crown, were compelled to receive the sacrament of the Church of England, and to abjure the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The result was that the Duke of York resigned his position as Lord High Admiral, and was practically retired to private life.

Soon after this the King quarreled with his ministers. The ablest of them and the most unscrupulous, was the Earl of Shaftesbury. His character is so black that it is hard to believe that human nature could be so vile. Yet as Macaulay says: "The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise."

When Shaftesbury was dismissed he threw himself with all his energy into the party opposed to the court. As usual, the weapon employed was the No-Popery cry. He began to fan the panic by tales of a Papist rising in London, and of a coming Irish revolt with a French army to back it. He declared that he had earned the special hatred of the Catholics and that his life was in danger. They had formed a conspiracy, he said, to cut his throat, and to put himself in security he took lodgings in London with a Baptist preacher, and announced to the citizens that he trusted for his safety to their vigilance and fidelity. When Parliament opened Shaftesbury had organized the country party, and measure after measure was introduced, aiming at the exclusion of the Duke of York from the crown. Those measures were defeated by the proroguing of Parliament, but the public was excited and alarmed by the charges and counter-charges that had been made.

Shaftesbury's zeal had been directed

against the court party, and the success of the country party was owing to the dexterity with which he employed the cry of No Popery. Charles resolved to meet him on his own ground and with his own weapons. He made Danby his chief minister, and in a short time Danby outheroded Herod. A proclamation speedily appeared again banishing priests, providing pains and penalties for such as should attend Mass and forbidding Papists to come near the royal court. But Shaftesbury was not to be put down by such measures. "Let the Treasurer cry as loud as he pleases against Popery," he said, "I will cry a note louder." He was as good as his word; to his account must be laid the torrents of innocent blood which were soon to be shed.

For eighteen years, the bugbear of Popery had been used by politicians. Parliament never met without deploring its increase and demanding new laws against it. Unpopular ministers strove to save their credit by denouncing it; popu-

lar ministers strengthened their credit by posing as its opponents. No one knew better than those politicians that their fears were groundless and their demands without cause. But because they knew that Catholics were few and far between, and that Protestants were many and bigoted, they were the more ready to play on the popular credulity. You may imagine what the result must have been. The frightened people saw Jesuits in every corner and priests lurking behind every door. The great fire of London had been attributed solemnly to the followers of the Pope, and the fiendish cruelty which could have been guilty of such an act would be guilty of any act. When Shaftesbury, therefore, "cried a note louder," he found ears already expectant and attuned to the cry.

In the August of 1678, tidings of a terrible plot were spread through England. The author was one Titus Oates. He was the son of a ribbon weaver, and during the government of Cromwell had offi-

ciated as a Baptist preacher. After the Restoration he became a clergyman in the Episcopalian Church and had filled several clerical positions. From all of them he had been driven by his misconduct, and report accused him of the most infamous crimes. At last, reduced to a condition of extreme destitution, he applied for assistance to an Anglican rector in London named Dr. Tonge. This gentleman had Popery on the brain, and every quarter he issued a publication warning the country against the Jesuits. As, however, he had nothing but general charges to go upon, he considered that it would be a good scheme to send a spy into the enemy's country. Accordingly, it was arranged that Oates should feign himself a convert to Catholicism and should ask for admission into the Jesuit Order. He went to the college of the Jesuits at Valladolid, in Spain, in 1677, but his habits were so bad that, after a trial of five months, he was expelled. He returned to his patron, Tonge, and they decided that

as he had been so unsuccessful in Spain, he might try St. Omer. Here he was received for a while, but his infamous character was soon apparent and he was again expelled. He came back to Tonge in 1678, and between them they decided that as real secrets could not be discovered, a fictitious plot would serve as well.

Having arranged their plan of campaign they took a man named Kirkby into their confidence and explained to him the details of a portentous plot which was being matured by the Papists. On the 13th of August Kirkby approached Charles as he was walking in the Park, and begged of him not to separate himself from the company because his life was in danger. This alarming intelligence led to an interview in the afternoon with Dr. Tonge. The doctor explained that a narrative of a plot had been left under his door by some person unknown, but that he thought he had a clue by which he could discover his informant. The King did not seem to be seriously

alarmed, and in September, Oates went before a well known magistrate, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and made affidavit as to the truth of his disclosures. In the same month Oates was called before the Privy Council, and there he detailed the following marvellous narrative.

He said that he had been received into the Jesuit order and had so far won the confidence of his superiors that he was intrusted with the most delicate and important missions. From the letters which he had read and from their confidences reposed in him he had learned the details of a plot which was being concocted. The Pope had entrusted the government of England to the Jesuits and they had determined to restore the Catholic religion by bloodshed and rebellion. Their plan of operations comprised Ireland and Scotland. In the former country they were organizing a great massacre of Protestants, and in the latter they were disguised as Presbyterian ministers and were preaching rebellion against Episcopacy. They were

in no want of money, but on the contrary had immense sums at their disposal. In England they had appointed Catholics to the chief offices of the State and Church. In 1666 they had burned down London and they were now planning to set fire to the shipping in the Thames. At a given signal all the Catholics were to rise and massacre their Protestant neighbors. All the leading statesmen and divines were to be murdered. Various schemes were formed to kill the King. At a grand meeting of the Jesuits, held in April in London, three sets of assassins had been provided, two Jesuit lay brothers, two Benedictine monks and four Irishmen, captained by a man named Fogarty. If James would not consent to his brother's death, he too should be killed. Moreover, the Pope had issued a Bull, appointing certain individuals to the dignities of the Church of England, because he believed that on the death of the King the Catholic religion would rise to its former ascendancy.

The plot might have died here were it not for the work of the politicians during the past eighteen years. They had prepared the public mind for treasons, stratagems, spoils, and here indeed were horrors beyond the disordered imagination of a madman. In fact, the more diabolical the contrivance appeared the better it fitted in with the popular idea of the Jesuits. The politicians at once took it up. Shaftesbury made it his own. Two events which then happened were dexterously turned to strengthen the popular delusion and were interpreted as corroborative of Oates' narrative.

Among those accused by Oates as being privy to the plot, was one Coleman, who had been secretary to the Duchess of York. His papers were seized, and among them were found several letters which he had written to friends in France. He was a convert from Protestantism, and certain expressions in his correspondence bore on the growing hopes of Catholics. The sentiments of Charles were supposed

to be favorable to Catholicism; James, the heir presumptive, was a convert, and Coleman, like many an enthusiast since, spoke confidently about the conversion of his native land. Immediately this language was seized upon as a proof of the plot. The conversion of England could be nothing else than the conversion by murder and massacre which the Jesuits had planned. The letters won credit for the perjuries of Oates, which credit was changed into certainty when the news ran through the frenzied populace that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his deposition, was found dead in a field near London, with a sword driven through his heart.

At once the word went forth that it was the work of the Jesuits. They were trying to stifle the plot. Godfrey was known to be a friend of the Catholics; in fact, he was on terms of intimacy with Coleman, and when Oates made his deposition implicating Coleman, he had given the ac-

cused the first warning of the charge. What motive the Catholics could have in assassinating him does not appear. His father had committed suicide, and the attitude in which he was found was evidence that the wound was self-inflicted. But suicide it was not to be; the coroner's jury returned the verdict that he was murdered by the Papists, and the whole city looked upon him as the first martyr in the Protestant cause.

Then from the Protestant pulpits rose the cry of vengeance. The chief among the clergy, men such as Sancroft, Burnet, Tillitson, Stillingfleet, declared the reality of the plot and called for the severest laws against Catholics. Godfrey's body was brought into the city and laid in state in his own house. The populace were invited to view the mangled remains of the Protestant martyr. The sight drove them mad. A general massacre, the burning of the city, the blowing up of the royal palace, were hourly expected. After ten days a public funeral brought the

excitement to a climax. Seventy-two clergymen walked before the corpse and more than a thousand gentlemen in mourning followed. The whole city turned out. The preacher who delivered the sermon appeared in the pulpit between two big brawny men to protect him against the designs of the Papists. The sermon proved conclusively that Godfrey fell a victim to the Jesuits because of his attachment to the Protestant religion, and the people swore over his grave to bring the murderers to justice.

In the meantime Parliament met and immediately began to investigate the plot. Shaftesbury was the leader in the investigations. All his former charges were now verified. It is certain he knew the plot was a fraud; it is certain he knew that because of it innocent blood would be shed like water; but truth and justice and humanity were nothing to him in his greed for power. Oates and Tonge were called before the two houses and the members listened in horror and astonish-

ment to their blood-curdling tales—tales which daily grew more bloody. Resolutions were passed, placing guards in the cellars under the House of Parliament, lest the Jesuits might attempt a second Gunpowder Plot, and conjuring Charles to have his meals prepared by none but orthodox cooks. Five Catholic peers were sent to the Tower and two thousand Catholics thrown into prison. A proclamation ordered that all Catholics should at once depart the city. London soon had the aspect of a town besieged. The militia remained all night under arms. Materials were collected to barricade the great thoroughfares, cannons were planted, patrols marched and no citizen dared to venture from his house unless he were armed with what was known as the "Protestant flail," a small flail loaded with lead, to brain the Popish assassins. Shaftesbury forced a bill through the legislature which excluded all Catholics from a seat in Parliament. The exclusion remained good for a century and a half. It was no use

that some in authority attempted to cast doubt on the reality of the plot. Parliament silenced all cavil by passing a joint resolution that "there had been, and still was, a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants, for the assassinating and murdering the King, and for subverting the government and destroying the Protestant religion."

Oates was now the hero of the hour. He was applauded by every one and called the savior of the nation. Parliament recommended him to the King, he was lodged in the palace, protected by guards and given a pension of $6,000 a year. "In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence, to power, which made him the dread of princes and nobles, and to notoriety such as has for low and bad minds all the attractions of glory." Up to this his tale had stood on his bare word. No one had come forward to substantiate his charges against the many whom he had accused.

By the law at least two witnesses were necessary to establish a charge of treason. But the success of Oates had its natural consequences. Informers began to spring up on all sides; the slums of London disgorged a multitude of false witnesses ready to swear away the lives of Catholics. One William Bedloe, who had been a stable boy in the household of a Catholic peer, came forward as a candidate for a reward of $2,500, offered for the discovery of Godfrey's murderers. His memory improved with practice, and he soon discovered that he knew a multitude of Jesuits, priests, popes, monks, nuns, friars, who were all working in the great Popish plot. An army of 10,000 men was to land in Yorkshire, another army of 30,000 friars and pilgrims was to sail from Spain, 40,000 armed cut-throats were secretly organized in the kingdom, and at a given time were to massacre the Protestants, and there was not a Catholic in England of quality or credit, who had not received information of the plot and been

sworn on the Sacrament, to lend it his aid and keep it secret.

Oates was not to be outdone by Bedloe and he appeared before the King with another tale. He had seen a letter in which the Queen's physician had stated that she had given her consent to the King's death. Himself had overheard her utter the same sentiments. Bedloe if he could not surpass this story corroborated it. He too had heard the queen agree to the killing of Charles. He actually delivered his deposition in writing at the bar of the House of Commons, and Oates followed with the charge: "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catherine, Queen of England, of high treason."

A dispute between the two houses put an end to this extraordinary charge, but the courts of the realm were busy with the rest of the accused. To read the records of that time is like reading the records of pandemonium. The judges, the juries, the populace were leagued by hate and terror against the supposed traitors.

The informers swore to the most improbable tales, contradicted one another and themselves, but the judges overlooked their manifest perjury, the juries required no more evidence against a man once they found he was a Catholic, and if any witnesses dared to appear in favor of the accused, the populace nearly tore them to pieces.

The first victim was Coleman. Oates and Bedloe swore that he was implicated in the plot, though it was conclusively shown that they had never seen him before. He went to the scaffold in December, 1678, protesting his innocence.

Stayley, a Catholic banker, was accused by one Carstairs, a Scotch adventurer, of high treason. Burnet, one of the London preachers, knew Carstairs, and knew him to be a scoundrel of the deepest dye. He went to the Lord Chancellor and told him that the informer was unworthy of credit; but Jones, the attorney-general, was present, and turning fiercely on him, demanded why he dared defame the King's wit-

ness? Burnet shrank from the frown of power, and left the unfortunate Catholic to his fate. Stayley was found guilty and suffered the death of a traitor.

Three Jesuits, Ireland, Grove and Pickering, were next tried. Oates and Bedloe swore against them, and, of course, they were found guilty and died on the scaffold, protesting their innocence.

Next, three servants of the Queen, two Catholics and one Protestant, were put on trial for the murder of Godfrey. The evidence given against them was full of the most glaring inconsistencies, yet the jury found a verdict against them and the three were put to death.

The old Parliament was dissolved during the excitement of the plot and the new Parliament met, breathing slaughter against Popery. So terrible was the excitement that the Duke of York withdrew to Belgium in March, 1679, the month the legislature assembled. Informers and arrests were multiplied, and the jails were filled with the victims of perjury. Both houses

again declared that there "had existed and did exist a horrid and treasonable conspiracy contrived by those of the Popish religion for the murdering of the King, the subverting of Protestantism, and the ruin of the ancient government of the kingdom." Following the example of the contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot this note was prefixed to the form of public prayer appointed to be read on the day of the national fast. Articles of impeachment were drawn up against the Catholic Lords in which they were charged that "in union with Cardinal Howard, the Provincial of the Jesuits, and a number of persons, they had conspired to imprison, depose and murder the King, and reduce the kingdom under the tyranny of the Pope." This was followed by the introduction of a bill excluding the duke from the throne on the ground of his religion. The bill failed in the Lords by a narrow vote and Parliament was prorogued. But the trials still went on. Five Jesuit Fathers—Whitbread, Fenwick, Harcourt, Gavan and

Turner were placed at the bar on June 13, 1679, to answer for their share in the plot. Oates, Bedloe and a whole host of informers appeared against them, the chief justice delivered his charge with his usual partiality and the jury without hesitation returned a verdict of guilty.

The following day Langhorne, a Catholic lawyer who had acted as business man for the English Jesuits, was put on trial. He was a good lawyer and there was considerable fear among the defenders of the Protestant faith that he might get off. Up to his trial he had been kept in solitary confinement; the moment he appeared the crowd received him with jeers and hisses, his witnesses were abused and beaten, his objections to the evidence of the informers were overruled by the court, and when the jury brought in the usual verdict of guilty, the hall rang with cheers.

Still the mob was not satisfied. The persecution spread through the kingdom. Proclamations stared from the walls, offering ten pounds reward for the discovery

of any Papist within the royal residence, fifty pounds for the discovery of any money or land belonging to priests. The fines of twenty pounds a month for absence from the Protestant church were reinforced, and twenty-four priests were sentenced to death. They were brought to London and interrogated by Shaftesbury as to their connection with the plot. Not one admitted any knowledge of it, not one could be seduced to turn informer. The delay did not please the House of Commons. The members called aloud for the priests' blood. They were sent back to their former prisons. Some were reprieved for a time, and others executed at various parts of the kingdom, among them two who had passed their eightieth year.

But the reaction was now beginning. At the trial of the Queen's physician, the informers perjured themselves so flagrantly that the prosecution broke down. People began to ask themselves, after a year of delirium, could such things be true? Shaftesbury saw the trend of public opin-

ion. The measure for which he had worked and planned was still unaccomplished. James was not excluded from the crown. It was necessary to revive interest in the plot. He therefore planned a great demonstration in London to rouse the people. On the seventeenth of November, 1679, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, an immense procession was formed. First came a bell-man, walking slowly and exclaiming solemnly: "Remember Mr. Justice Godfrey." Next came a man, dressed as a Jesuit, bearing a dead body. Then followed nuns, monks, priests, bishops, cardinals and, last of all, the Pope, with his arch-counsellor, the devil. The parade marched through the streets of London by torchlight, and was viewed by 200,000 persons, who swore eternal hatred to Popery and called for vengeance on the Papists. At Temple Bar the Pope and his attendants were burned, to the delight of the multitude, who were thus wonderfully comforted, convinced of the truth of the

plot, and strengthened in the principles of the Protestant religion.

It is no wonder therefore that new plots were being discovered every day; some were in London, some were in Yorkshire. Men manifestly innocent were hanged on the testimony of the most infamous wretches. James, who had returned to the kingdom was prosecuted as a Catholic, and when the Parliament met in 1680 an informer named Dangerfield appeared before the house and accused the Duke of York of instigating him to the murder of the King. He was followed by a troop of new witnesses who testified that a new plot was being hatched to murder Oates, Bedloe, Shaftesbury and all who had exposed the old one. The excitement was renewed. The exclusion bill passed the Commons but was defeated in the Lords. In revenge the promoters of the plot brought up the impeachment of the Catholic peers. They were afraid to attack all at once so they selected Lord Stafford, the oldest and the most helpless. He was ad-

judged guilty on the same perjured testimony and he went to the scaffold forgiving his enemies. He was the last English victim of the plot. The last victim was an Irishman, Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. He was accused of managing the Irish department of the plot. He was brought over to England, deprived of witnesses, and condemned, simply because of his religion. On the first of July, 1681, he was hanged at Tyburn. Before he was dead the hangman cut him down, tore him open, and burned his bowels before his face.

This was the last effort of those who were interested in sustaining the vitality of the plot. Political events moved rapidly. Shaftesbury fell from power and fled. The Tory party rallied round the King. There was no longer any political capital to be made by pushing the No-Popery cry further for a time. Oates was convicted of libel and thrown into prison. In the reign of James II. he was tried for perjury, condemned and sen-

tenced to be whipped from Tyburn to Newgate and from Newgate to Tyburn, and to be imprisoned during the rest of his natural life. When the new anti-popery cry brought in William of Orange, in 1689, Oates was set free and given a small pension. He officiated as a Baptist preacher for some time and died in obscurity, in 1705.

Such is a brief and inadequate account of the great Popish plot. It is a sad and disgraceful story. The plot grew out of religious hatred dexterously excited by politicians and dexterously played on by impostors. The plot passed away, and men of sense knew from the beginning to the end, it was a diabolical fraud. Not so the people. Their fears, it is true, passed away, but they imagined they had been saved by their own vigilance. They believed the "Tall Bully" which told them that the Papists had burned the city; they honored Titus Oates who had saved it from being burned again. Thus the second Ghost continued the work of the first, and

Gunpowder Plot and Popish Plot became the two buttresses of British Protestantism.

IV.—THE GORDON RIOTS.

IT is an article of faith among our separated brethren that the Protestant Reformation marks the beginning of modern liberty, religious and civil. We are told that before the time of Martin Luther the whole world was delivered over to ignorance, superstition and slavery. On every occasion the preachers insist on the belief that all the freedom we now enjoy comes to us from the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Then the Bible was opened. Then the human intellect came out of its dark prison house. Then faith was made free. Then conscience was emancipated. Then was the first impetus given to that movement of progress, which for three centuries and more has been carrying the human race onward and upward. These sentiments are re-echoed in the newspapers; are set down as incontestable facts in our text books, and

are embodied in our very methods of speech. A reformation is the amendment or bettering of what has become corrupt; therefore, the revolt of Luther against Rome must be the Reformation. The Catholic Church was the patron of ignorance; therefore the Middle Ages, which were the ages of faith, must be called the Dark Ages, and if anything strikes us as superstitious, narrow or reactionary, we brand it as mediæval. That Protestantism means progress and light and liberty, is to the generality of non-Catholics what to the Mahometans is the war cry, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet."

We have, during the past lectures, been trying this opinion by historical facts. We have seen that Protestantism was introduced into England as a political measure. We have seen that it has been perpetuated by cruelty and fraud. From the very beginning it has been not only bolstered up by the influence of a government, but, also, it has been forced upon a people by

fines, imprisonment and death. Any doctrine or opinion, religious or other, should be able to make its own way. The human intellect is the supreme judge of reasoning, and any opinion, which is afraid of reason, is not fit to live. Left to itself, it will take refuge among the ignorant, or die out altogether. Faith should be free. A faith which cannot commend itself to human judgments, is not intended for human hearts. Protestantism, if we are to judge it by its words, stands on this platform. It has delivered humanity, say its admirers, from the tyranny of Church and priest, and it sets its devotee face to face with God to hear with his own ears whatsoever the Lord may speak. As a matter of fact, Protestantism has never dared to live up to its professions. It has never dared to allow those whom it could influence, to consider the question of religion with unbiased mind. I have recounted for you, and I have still to recount, a long and hateful series of laws by which men were forced into Protestantism un-

der the penalty of beggary, of exile, of perpetual imprisonment, of death. By those methods was the Protestant army recruited. By those methods was religion "reformed." By those methods were the slaves of Rome dragooned into freedom. O blessed apostles of the new and the pure religion, the Rack, the Dungeon and the Block!

No opinion is worth following which is supported by prejudice and untruth. When two opinions clash, that one which takes refuge in misrepresentation, in slander, in fraud is evidently conscious of its own weakness. The lectures which have been already delivered prove at whose door must be laid the charge of false-witness. By a series of gigantic impositions the people of England were persuaded that Popery meant treason, meant cruelty, meant slavery. They were grounded and rooted in Protestantism by forgery and fraud. The Gunpowder Plot, the Fire of London, the Titus Oates Plot were all used to bring the Catholic re-

ligion into hatred and contempt. Is there anyone living now who will say that those events gave any foundation for the vast structure of calumny erected on them? Is there anyone now who will not acknowledge that unprincipled men by those unholy means blinded the eyes of the people, and closed their ears and hardened their hearts against the Catholic Church? Yet those men knew the strength and weakness of Protestantism. They knew the strength and weakness of the English people. They knew the strength and weakness of Catholicism. If, therefore, they could not afford to combat us by argument; if they were compelled to introduce their creed by force; if they made its permanence secure by prejudice they thereby confess that their creed cannot stand the test of argument, in a free field and before an unprejudiced people.

> No conclusion is trustworthy which has not been tried by enemy as well as friend; no traditions have a claim

upon us which shrink from criticism and dare not look a rival in the face. Now this is precisely the weak point of Protestantism in this country. It is jealous of being questioned; it resents argument; it flies to State protection; it is afraid of the sun; it forbids competition. How can you detect the sham, but by comparing it with the true? Your artificial flowers have the softness and brilliancy of nature, till you bring in the living article, fresh from the garden; you detect the counterfeit coin by ringing it with the genuine. So is it in religion. Protestantism is at best but a fine piece of wax-work, which does not look dead, only because it is not confronted by that Church which really breathes and lives. The living Church is the test and the confutation of all false churches; therefore get rid of her at all hazards; tread her down, gag her, dress her like a felon, starve her, bruise her features, if you would keep up your mumbo-jumbo in its place of pride. By no manner of means give her fair play; you dare not. The dazzling bright-

ness of her glance, the sanctity beaming from her countenance, the melody of her voice, the grace of her movements will be too much for you. Blacken her, make her Cinderella in the ashes; do not hear a word she says. Do not look on her, but daub her in your own way; keep up the good old sign-post representation of her. Let her be a lion-rampant, a griffin, a wivern, or a salamander. She shall be red or black; she shall be always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical. The lion shall not draw the lion, but the man shall draw him. She shall always be worsted in the warfare with Protestantism; ever unhorsed and disarmed, ever running away, ever prostrated, ever smashed and pounded, ever dying, ever dead; and the only wonder is that she has to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, and her priests and doctors to be so often put down, and her monks and nuns to be exposed so often, and such vast sums to be subscribed by Protestants, and such great societies to be kept

> up, and such millions of tracts to be written, and such persecuting Acts to be passed by Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more.—*Newman, Present Position of Catholics, I, 1.*

In 1685, Charles II. died, and was succeeded by his brother, James II. James was a Catholic, and naturally he wished to obtain toleration for himself and his coreligionists. But this was more than the Protestants of England could stand. They had not excluded him from the succession because he was growing old, and his heir, Mary, was a Protestant. He would be, at most, in power for a few years. But when they found that his wife had borne him a son, and that he openly avowed his intention to secure liberty of conscience to all men forever, they forgot all their theories about loyalty and invited a foreign prince, at the head of a foreign army, to destroy their own government.

James was deserted by his own daughters, whose Protestant ambition prevailed against the ties of nature; the crown was given to William of Orange and his wife, Mary, and thus England was saved once more from Popery and slavery.

It is a very instructive fact that Protestant preachers find that the country is in danger from Catholics because Catholics owe allegiance, as they claim, to a foreign power. This argument was used against the Church in the days of Henry VIII., in the days of Elizabeth, and is used in our day. It is an argument, which appeals to our patriotism because our first duty in civil affairs is to our own government. It is our privilege to lay down our lives for the integrity of the fatherland, and, if we wish to change the government, that change should be made by our own hands.

Yet, wherever Protestantism found that its power to persecute Catholicism was passing away, it never scrupled to call in foreign aid. In France the Huguenots

delivered over their fortresses to England, the hereditary enemy of their country. In England the Puritans accomplished one revolution by importing an army from Scotland; they accomplished a second revolution by importing an army from Holland, and they perpetuated that revolution by importing a king from Germany. The Protestant party has had one fixed idea, and that is to keep the Catholic Church under. To accomplish that purpose, no domestic treason has been too cruel, no civil treason too black. To keep Protestants in power, the daughter was willing to sell her father and the politicians were ready to betray their native land.

The triumph of Protestantism by the accession of William of Orange, was marked by a new outbreak of persecution. In addition to the ancient laws, new acts were passed for the purpose of ending Catholicism once and forever. The saying of Mass was made an offense punishable by perpetual imprisonment. The

same penalty was provided for a Catholic who should teach school. The informer, who should convict a priest of saying Mass, received a reward of one hundred pounds. An equal amount was given to the informer who should convict any person of sending a child beyond the sea to be educated in Papacy. Every Catholic forfeited his estate to his nearest Protestant relative, and, moreover, he was disabled by the same law from purchasing lands in the kingdom or of making profit out of the same.

The reigns of Anne and of George I., George II. and George III. added new enactments. Those laws were designed to make it impossible for a Catholic to escape the persecution, and, as late as 1760, a new penal statute subjected them to a double assessment of the land tax.

In order to explain the wonderful vitality of a creed which was able to survive so cruel a trial, it has been said that the laws were not enforced. But this statement is not true. The pecuniary rewards

promised to informers stimulated their vigilance and a long series of persecutions, whose records are found in the English courts, show that the zeal against Popery never slept.

Speaking in 1780 at Bristol upon the subject of the penal laws introduced in the reign of William of Orange, Edmund Burke said:

> From that time every person of the Catholic communion, lay and ecclesiastic, has been obliged to fly from the face of day. The clergy, concealed in garrets of private houses, or obliged to take a shelter under the privileges of foreign ministers, officiated as their servants, and under their protection. The whole body of the Catholics, condemned to beggary and to ignorance in their native land, have been obliged to learn the principles of letters, at the hazard of all their other principles, from the charity of your enemies. They have been taxed to their ruin at the pleasure of necessitous and profligate relations, and according to their measure and

profligacy. Examples of this are many and affecting. Some of them are known by a friend, who stands near me in this hall. It is but six or seven years since a clergyman of the name of Malony, a man of morals, neither guilty nor accused of anything noxious to the State, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for exercising the functions of his religion; and, after lying in jail two or three years, was relieved, by the mercy of government, from perpetual imprisonment on condition of perpetual banishment.

A brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a Talbot, a name respectable in this country, whilst its glory is any part of its concern, was hauled to the bar of Old Bailey, among common felons, and only escaped the same doom, either by some error in the process, or that the wretch, who brought him there, could not correctly describe his person; I now forget which. In short, the persecution would never have relented for a moment if the judges, superseding the strict rule of their artificial duty by the higher

> obligation of their conscience, did not constantly throw every difficulty in the way of such informers. But so ineffectual is the power of legal evasion against legal iniquity, that it was but the other day that a lady of condition, beyond the middle of life, was on the point of being stripped of her whole fortune by a near relation, to whom she had been a friend and benefactor; and she must have been totally ruined, without a power of redress or mitigation from the courts of law, had not the legislature itself rushed in, and, by a special act of Parliament, rescued her from the injustice of its own statutes.—*Speech at Bristol, 1780, Edmund Burke.*

From this extract it will be seen that in the interval between 1760 and 1780 a change for the better had happened in the case of Catholics. A great statesman is able to address his constituents and plead the cause of men who twenty years before were still the object of new restrictions. A change there was, a great change and the cause of it was—America. The shot

that was fired at Lexington had echoed round the world. We are accustomed to think that our War of Independence had for its beneficiaries only the thirteen colonies. All the sons of men have been the beneficiaries of that struggle for liberty and none more so than the Catholics who groaned so long under the tyranny of British Protestantism.

As you may have remarked in these lectures, the measures passed against the Catholic Church were the fruit of security not of dread. As Burke well says, the Catholics of England were but a handful of people enough to torment, but not enough to fear; the Catholics of Ireland, however, numbered nearly two millions. While England was mistress of the seas she might afford to tyrannize with impunity. But there was a revolution in her affairs which made it prudent to be just. In October, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered to the American forces at Saratoga. When the news reached Europe it had a decisive effect on the fortunes of

America. In February, 1778, France acknowledged the independence of the States and concluded treaties of alliance and commerce with the young republic. England was filled with gloom. On every side she was confronted with enemies. The danger of an invasion grew more imminent every day. It was resolved to conciliate the Catholics when it was dangerous to persecute them. In May, 1778, a relief bill was rushed through both houses of Parliament. In the lower house no one opposed it; in the upper house a Protestant bishop with many professions of liberality spoke against it; but he naively admitted that there were "particular circumstances which might make delay inconvenient."

The relief of 1778 was not a very large or tolerant measure. It merely repealed the statute of William of Orange, of which we have already spoken. That statute subjected Catholic priests and school masters to perpetual imprisonment, and gave the property of a Catholic to his nearest

Protestant relative. This is all that was repealed. All the other penal laws remained on the statute book. Catholics were still subject to the pains and penalties and disabilities of the rest of the penal code. Not for another half century were those galling provisions swept away, and they were swept away only when a united Ireland, with O'Connell at its head, compelled their abolition.

Small, however, as the boon was, it served to raise the hopes of Catholics. The tide of persecution had reached its flood, the ebb had now begun. Revolutions do not go backward. Political necessity had made a breach in the wall of bigotry; soon the whole structure of intolerance would come rushing down in ruin.

But the Ghosts which had stalked for two centuries, were not to be so easily laid. The Act of 1778 had not been extended to Scotland. It was proposed, however, to give the Scotch Catholics the same measure of relief, but the Presbyterians

rose up against the very thought of tolerating the Papists. The press and the pulpit stormed against the proposed concession. The synods met and passed fiery resolutions against antichrist. A solemn fast was proclaimed in Glasgow, and on the 18th of October, 1778, a mob attacked a house where a few Catholics were assembled, and dispersed them by pelting them with mud and stones. On the following February the fanatics plundered and burned a house where occasionally Mass was said. In Edinburgh another mob was summoned by public proclamation to "pull down a pillar of popery," to wit, a house used for Catholic services. After performing this pious operation they attacked the famous historian, Dr. Robertson, because they considered he had leanings towards the Papists. The military, however, interfered and order was restored.

Then began the Great Protestant Association. The American Protective Association is but an alias of the American Protestant Association, and the American

Protestant Association is the lineal descendant of the Great Protestant Association of 1779. That Association was established for the purpose of preserving the ferocious penal laws against Catholics in Scotland, and for repealing the relief measure of 1778, in England. The members took an obligation not to buy or sell, borrow or lend, or have any of the ordinary intercourse of society with Catholics. They threatened to proceed against all Protestants who refused to join them in those measures as if they were Papists, and the violent attempts they had made against liberal non-Catholics showed that they were in earnest.

The Protestant Association spread from Scotland into England and soon the country was in a blaze. Everywhere the preachers stirred up their congregations to mutiny. The "Dangers of Popery" formed their theme, a theme well calculated to fire the Protestant blood. A madman known as Lord George Gordon was made president of the Association. Ad-

vertisements were put up all over the cities and mysterious handbills were distributed in every house and littered every street. The excitement rose to fever heat and if the Pope himself had marched in procession through the gates of London the populace could not have been more stirred.

Whenever in our day there is an agitation against the Church the Methodist ministers are the loudest in their cry. They deliver eloquent sermons on our civil and religious liberty and they profess no desire except to preserve the heritage handed down from the fathers. They see in Rome the deadly enemy of all toleration and they attack Rome on the plea that freedom must be preserved.

A knowledge of history would recommend to those gentlemen a judicious modesty. An acquaintance with the sentiments and career of the founder of their denomination would suggest to them the prudence of "singing low." No doubt John Wesley is held in veneration by those who follow his teachings; to Catholics he is

one of the last of the persecutors. To his influence may be attributed the surprising growth of the Protestant Association, for just as his spiritual successors in this town acted as propagandists of the A. P. A. did Wesley for the Protestant Association. His pen was ever ready to spread its intolerant principles and to defend it when attacked.

Unfortunately for his reputation, we have on record letters which he wrote advocating the persecution of Catholics. One dated January 12, 1780, holds "that no government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion," and, again, "they ought not to be tolerated by any government, Protestant, Mahometan, or Pagan."

In a pamphlet or tract entitled "A Defence of the Protestant Association," John Wesley tells us of the dangers which have moved him to write:

> However unconcerned the present generation may be, and unapprehensive of danger from the amazing

> growth of Popery; how calmly soever they may behold the erection of Popish chapels, hear of Popish schools being opened, and see the Popish books publicly advertised, they are to be informed that our ancestors, whose wisdom and firmness have transmitted to us those religious and civil liberties which we now enjoy, had very different conceptions of this matter; and had they acted with that coldness, indifference and stupidity which seems to have seized the present age, we had now been sunk into the most abject state of misery and slavery, under an arbitrary prince and Popish government.

What a wonderful opinion Wesley had of Catholicism may be judged by this extract. The ministers of that religion had just been released from the menace of perpetual imprisonment, and the professors of it were secured merely in the possession of their estates, yet Protestantism was in danger. All the old penal laws were still in force, yet Popery had given evidences of an "amazing growth." Under such a

condition of affairs Catholicism could win converts, not by earthly motives, for the Catholic was still an outlaw, but by pure conviction. How does John Wesley propose to meet it? If he were conscious of the goodness of his cause, he would meet the arguments of the old religion by better arguments. But, no. He appealed to Cæsar and the sword. Restore the penal laws. Burn down Popish chapels, close Popish schools, exterminate Popish books, and then the reformed religion, according to John Wesley, shall prevail against Popery—and not till then.

During May, 1780, Lord George Gordon was haranguing the excited Protestants of London about the Pope. Lord George was the youngest son of the Duke of Gordon and was at this time about thirty years of age. There can be no doubt that he was crazy and his morals were as muddled as his brains. He was very tall, very thin and very bilious. He had high cheek bones and long lank red hair. He was dressed in trousers of a red tartan

plaid, a black velvet coat and spectacles. It was his firm belief that George III. was a Catholic, and in 1780 he opened operations on that unlucky monarch by securing an audience and reading at him a long Irish Protestant pamphlet on the errors of Popery. Horace Walpole says he began to read it at midday and had not finished at nightfall.

Among the extreme Protestants his popularity was unbounded. His rantings were considered inspired and he was looked upon as a heaven-sent defender of the reformed faith, a male Joan of Arc, set up by Providence to save Great Britain once again from "Popery, Brass Money and Wooden Shoes." In all those agitations it is noticeable that the collection of money is considered an outward and visible sign of the true evangelical faith. It is here we meet for the first time our friend the Little Red Schoolhouse. You will find in Dickens' novel, "Barnaby Rudge," a full description of the patriotic edifice

used by the Protestant Association for the collection of subscriptions:

> Mrs. Varden looked at a box upon the mantel-shelf, painted in imitation of a very red brick dwelling house, with a yellow roof; having at top a chimney, down which voluntary subscribers dropped their silver, gold or pence, into the parlor; and on the door the counterfeit presentment of a brass plate, whereon was legibly inscribed, "Protestant Association"—and looking at it said that it was to her a source of poignant misery to think that Varden never had, of all his substance, dropped anything into that temple, save once in secret—as she afterwards discovered—two fragments of tobacco-pipe, which she hoped would not be set down to his last account. That Dolly, she was grieved to say, was no less backward in her contributions, better loving, as it seemed, to purchase ribbons and such gauds, than to encourage the great cause then in such heavy tribulation; and that she did entreat her (her father she much feared could not be moved) not to de-

spise, but imitate, the bright example of Miss Miggs, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope, and bruised his features with her quarter's money.—*Dickens' Barnaby Rudge, Chap. xli.*

The Protestant Association was preparing a monster petition to Parliament against the Catholics. At a great meeting Lord George Gordon announced that he would present the petition to the House of Commons on June 2nd. He said, however, that unless 20,000 men were ready to accompany him, he would not go. It was agreed that the members of the Association should meet at a certain point and then march to the House of Parliament.

On Friday, June 2nd, from 50,000 to 100,000 men gathered in St. George's Fields, Southwark. They wore blue cockades in their hats as a sign of their fidelity to the principles of Protestantism. About ten o'clock Lord George Gordon made a speech to the multitude, and, preceded by the great petition containing 120,000 sig-

natures, mostly marks, they advanced toward Westminster. The government had taken no precautions whatsoever. At that time police had not been invented and a few old watchmen alone represented the majesty of the law. The mob was able, without opposition, to take possession of the avenues of approach to the house, of the stairs, and of the division lobbies. When the members arrived they had to fight their way through a howling mass of humanity. Every member, who was not known to be opposed to Catholics, was nearly torn to pieces. Lord Mansfield, the great jurist, was most unpopular because he had directed a jury to acquit a Catholic priest, who had been charged with the monstrous crime of saying Mass. When his carriage arrived, the windows were broken, the old gentleman was howled at as a "notorious Papist." The Bishop of Lincoln had his carriage smashed to pieces. He fled into a neighboring house and escaped over the roof in a woman's dress. The Duke of Nor-

thumberland came in his carriage accompanied by his secretary. The secretary was dressed in black and the moment the mob saw him they raised the cry, "A Jesuit, a Jesuit!" The Duke was dragged out, rolled on the ground, and some zealous defender of the Bible, no doubt actuated by a desire to show disapprobation of Jesuits and Popery, stole his watch and purse.

The House of Lords had in the meantime begun to transact business when word came that Lord Boston was in the hands of the mob and was being killed. It was suggested that the peers as a body should sally out to rescue him but more prudent counsels prevailed. "At this instant," said a contemporary writer, "it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House of Lords presented. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders, others smutted with dirt, most of them as pale as the ghost in Hamlet, and all of them standing up in their places and speaking at once." After

half an hour Lord Boston staggered in, half dead, his clothes in rags. The mob had taken him for a Catholic and were about to mark him as one for ever and ever by cutting the sign of the cross on his forehead. He had, however, managed to get speech with them and having started a violent controversy among them whether or no the Pope was antichrist he escaped while they were settling the momentous question.

The Commoners suffered as much as the Lords. They too were kicked, cuffed and beaten and they reached the Chamber with their clothes torn in ribbons and covered with mud and filth. Lord George presented the petition but no division could be taken on it because the lobbies were occupied by the mob who pounded on the doors, shouting "No Popery." Every now and again Lord George would address them from the gallery and tell them what was going on inside the house. "There is Mr. Burke, the member for Bristol, speaking against you." "Do you

know that Lord North calls you a mob?" The demeanor of the petitioners now became so threatening that the prime minister sent for the military and Colonel Murray, Lord George's cousin, said, "My Lord George, do you really mean to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man that enters, I will plunge my sword not into his body but into yours." This speech frightened the noble defender of the realm against the Pope, and "he retired to the dining room where he fell asleep, listening to the moral exhortations of the chaplain." His departure had a soothing effect on the mob and when the military appeared the people dispersed. The lobbies now being cleared, the house divided on Lord George's motion to consider the petition at once. The motion was rejected by a vote of 194 to 8 and the matter was put over to the following Tuesday.

Though the mob had retired from the Parliament House at the appearance of the military, it had not abandoned its

purpose of protecting the Protestant religion. At that time the foreign ambassadors from Catholic Powers had their own chapels attached to their embassies. This was a privilege allowed by the law of nations, and could not be taken away by the penal laws. The Catholics were in the habit of attending those places to hear Mass, and their location was well known to the mob. Accordingly, after they left the House of Parliament, those brave and patriotic champions of a pure gospel made for the Sardinian and Bavarian chapels. The furniture was dragged into the street and piled into a great bonfire. The chapels themselves were burned to the ground. Fire engines were sent for, but the mob prevented their use. When all was over, a detachment of soldiers arrived and made a few arrests.

Saturday and Sunday the town was apparently quiet; but on Sunday night the rioting began again. The Lord Mayor locked himself up in the Mansion House and the general government did nothing.

The Catholics were accustomed to worship in upper rooms and out of the way places. In Moorfields there was a colony of Irish laborers, and to this quarter of the town the rioters directed their attention. All the Catholic houses were plundered and burned; and whenever the mob came across vestments, altars or tabernacles, a great bonfire was made, in which they were solemnly consumed for the greater glory of God and the exaltation of the reformed faith.

On Monday afternoon the Privy Council met and offered a reward for the discovery of the rioters; but still no measures were taken to meet force by force. As yet, only Catholics had suffered, and there was no particular need of repressing too firmly the exuberant piety of a British mob. But the flame began to spread. On Tuesday two other Catholic chapels were discovered and burned. The incendiaries, to show their devotion to their champion against antichrist, carried the furniture and ornaments of the chapels to the street

before Lord George's house, and there gave them to the flames.

The mover of the relief bill of 1778 was Sir George Savile. He was a zealous Protestant, but his liberality made him worse than a Papist. The rioters now attacked his house, carried it by storm and plundered it. Lord George Gordon and the heads of the Protestant Association, who had remained silent while Catholics were the sole object of the rioters' fury, issued a notice disavowing the riots in the name of the Association. Burke, who favored tolerance, was compelled to take refuge in the house of General Burgoyne. At six o'clock Tuesday evening Parliament met. The soldiers were drawn up to protect the members and to overawe the mob. The question of the petition came up before the Commons. Burke made, what he considered the best speech of his life, on the subject, and, in the course of it, he spoke of "that base gang called the Protestant Association." The motion was carried to consider the petition when

the riots had subsided. This angered the rioters still more and they went off to attack the Prime Minister's house on Downing street, but they found soldiers before them.

Then began the worst period of the riots. On Tuesday night, as Gibbon, the historian, says, the mob "held the town; forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, had started out of their graves." Rumors went round that a Papist invasion was imminent, that the Pope was coming over, that the Inquisition was to be set up. The rioters, who had been arrested, were confined in Newgate, and toward Newgate the mob directed their steps. It was a prison of immense strength and had lately been rebuilt at great cost. The governor refused to open the gates and his house was set on fire. Soon the whole place was in flames, and the shouts of the rioters were answered by the screams of prisoners afraid of being burned alive. At last a breach was effected, and three hundred

common thieves and felons and four men, condemned to death, were set free. The mob carried the prisoners on their shoulders through the streets and hailed them as heroes in the great cause.

That same evening another jail was broken open and the house of the Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, was plundered and burned. The mob cursed him for a Papist, and he had barely time to escape by the back door. The house was completely demolished and thousands of valuable books and priceless manuscripts went up in flames. The rioters got drunk, as usual, and many were crushed to death or roasted in the ruins.

On Wednesday the riots were at their height. "Terrible rumors flew round the town; the lunatics were to be let out of Bedlam, the lions out of the Tower, and, worst of all, 70,000 Scotch Protestants out of Scotland." Of course, business was entirely suspended, the shops were shut, and, as a sign that the householder was a true Protestant, "no Popery" was chalked on

every door. Two attacks were made on the Bank of England, but the rioters were beaten off. As many as thirty-six great fires were seen burning at the one time. Happily the atmosphere remained still. If a wind had arisen, nothing could have saved the city from destruction. Horrible scenes took place at the burning of the distillery kept by a Mr. Langdale, a Catholic. The contents of the great vaults were poured into the street and caught fire. The drunken mob, aye, even women and children, were seen rolling in the flames and lapping up the liquid fire.

> The gutters of the street and every crack and fissure in the stones ran with scorching spirit, which, being dammed up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement and formed a great pool into which the people dropped down dead by dozens. They lay in heaps all around this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breast, and drank until they died.

While some stooped, with their lips to the brink, and never raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught and danced, half in a mad triumph and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on this fatal night. From the burning cellars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs and shoes, some men were drawn, alive, but alight from head to foot; who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissed in this hideous lake, and splashed up the liquid fire, which lapped up all it met with as it ran along the surface, and spared neither the living nor the dead. On this last night of the great riots—for the last night it was—the wretched victims of a senseless outcry became themselves the dust and ashes of the flames they had kindled, and strewed the public streets of London.—*Barnaby Rudge, Chap. lxviii.*

Up to this the government appeared to be paralyzed. Means were at hand indeed to quell the disturbance but nothing was done. While the Catholic chapels were burning the soldiers looked on with loaded muskets in their hands and huzzaed with the mob. But by Wednesday it was clearly seen that unless the government should intervene London would soon be only a name. The advisers of the King were in hopeless confusion. They were afraid to order the soldiers to fire before the Riot Act had been read. George III., however, solved the difficulty. "There shall be," he said, "at all events one magistrate in the kingdom who will do his duty." The soldiers were called out and the mob was checked. They had no firearms and could make but little resistance to the troops. Many were shot down, many threw themselves into the Thames. The soldiers' bayonets ran with blood, and all that dreadful night citizens lay awake listening to the shooting and the shrieks of the rioters. The official

returns calculated that two hundred were killed and two hundred and fifty wounded, but the destruction of life must have been much greater. When the burned houses were rebuilt it was not an uncommon thing to come upon the remains of mangled bodies. Many of the dead and wounded were taken away secretly by their friends. A thousand fatalities would be a moderate estimate of the results of this agitation to prevent the growth of Popery, and to preserve the Protestant religion.

This display of force served to end the riots. On Thursday the town was quiet and on Friday business was resumed as before. On that same day Lord George Gordon was arrested and sent to the Tower. The Lord Mayor of London was tried and convicted of gross neglect. But the no-Popery spirit had not been extinguished by the terrible excesses of its representatives. The most absurd rumors were circulated about the increase in the number of Papists and their presence in the court. It was said that the royal

family patronized Catholics extensively and the Lord Chamberlain was forced to insert such advertisements in the papers as this: "We are authorized to assure the public that Mr. Bicknell, His Majesty's hosier, is as true and faithful a Protestant as any in His Majesty's dominions. We likewise have the best authority for saying that His Majesty's wine-merchants are Protestants."

When Parliament met after the riots, the great Protestant Petition was taken up in the Commons. Though the Legislature had shown dignity and firmness in refusing to act under the terrorism of the mob, there is no doubt that the no-Popery craze also affected them. Sir George Savile, who had introduced the original toleration act, brought in a bill to guard against Catholic conversions. No Catholic was to keep a school or to have a Protestant apprentice. The bill passed the Commons, but was thrown out in the Lords.

The consideration of the Petition drew

forth a series of resolutions, insisting upon the retention of the law of 1778, but making a concession to the Protestant spirit by insisting also on the criminality of making conversions to Catholicism. It was on this occasion that Fox made his great speech in favor of toleration. The ideas of America were in the air. Men were beginning to see the futility of punishing those whose only crime was that they would not be hypocrites. It was the omen of a happier day, that the House of Commons could ring with such generous sentiments. But Fox and Burke were ahead of their time. It is not a century and a quarter since they stood among English Protestants as the pioneers of toleration. They died without seeing the results of their labor. Nigh fifty years had to pass before their dreams were realized. Bigotry dies hard. Tolerance is a plant of slow growth. The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns; but oh, how slight

is the widening! How leaden are the feet of progress!

But to return to the rioters. In July a special commission sat to try them. By the end of the month 135 had been found guilty. Twenty-one were hanged, some of whom were boys under fourteen. Lord George Gordon was put on trial for treason in 1781. During the trial he had a large Bible open before him all the time and was very angry because the court refused to let him read four chapters of the Prophet Zacharias in self defense. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal and public thanksgivings were offered up in many churches for his delivery, while the Scotch Presbyterians subscribed five hundred pounds to pay his legal expenses.

Lord George's career after this period was very remarkable. He was excommunicated by the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury for refusing to give evidence in an ecclesiastical case. This was a sad recompense for his labors in preserving his country from the Pope, but it

only shows that churches, like republics, can be ungrateful. About 1786 he became a Jew, and called himself the Right Hon. Israel Bar Abraham George Gordon. He was as crotchety in his new creed as he was in his old. He wore a long beard, and he refused to speak to any Jew who did not sport the same appendage. In 1787 he was convicted of libel, but before sentence was passed he fled to Amsterdam. The honest Dutch burghers did not know what to do with him, so they sent him back to England. In 1788 he was brought up for judgment and was committed to Newgate. After five years' imprisonment, he died in 1793.

It was the unanimous opinion of his enlightened contemporaries, and it is the unanimous opinion of historians, that Lord George Gordon was a lunatic. His actions, his speeches, show that he was stark mad. If he lived in our day, he would be considered a fit subject for an insane asylum. Indeed, there are many in such institutions now not half as mad as Lord

George was. There can be little doubt that the long sentence which was given him, was given merely to keep him under restraint. There was a well grounded fear that at any time he might put himself at the head of another mob. Indeed, the people looked upon him with superstitious reverence, as one who had fought the good fight in the defense of the Protestant cause; and notwithstanding the horrors and butchery of the riot, there were not wanting evidence that ardent Protestant spirits were ready to rally round their ancient leader and burn a few more Catholic chapels.

It is a poor compliment to the English people, or to any people, to state that they could be swayed to rebellion and bloodshed at the dictate of a madman. Yet I but speak the truth, and before we rush in to condemn let us listen to the story of our own Ghost and see what has been done in our own land. There is no sentiment which so destroys human reason, eliminates common sense and uproots natu-

ral affection as religious bigotry. Between the fanaticism of the Turk, who rushes on the Christian confident of a place in Paradise, and the fanaticism of the British Protestant of the last century who fell, dead drunk, under the leadership of George Gordon, there is absolutely no difference.

Certainly the work of the Ghosts was well done. For over two centuries the old faith had been made a byword and a hissing. Seven generations of Englishmen had grown up, and each generation had outstripped its predecessor in its terror of the Pope. The "increase of Popery" haunted it by night and day. Even though the vast machinery of the law was in unceasing operation searching out Papists, beggaring them, imprisoning them, banishing them beyond seas, sending them to the block, Protestantism could not rest secure. There was blood upon its hands, and like the murderer it knew no rest in slumber. Hideous dreams, fantastic ghosts, peopled its imagination, and every

now and again it sprang into fury and sought to exterminate the objects of its hate.

It is hard nowadays to realize the extent and the strength of this blind terror of Popery. You know that the calendar, or our method of reckoning time, is a very complicated arrangement. As the sun in its course round the earth consumes a fraction more than three hundred and sixty-five days, our reckoning of three hundred and sixty-five days to the year is not accurate. As the fraction is very small it was not noticed at first, but in the course of centuries it became so great that it amounted to more than a week. In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, and introduced the system which obtains among us to-day. The Catholic countries adopted the change; but the Protestant nations, which are, according to their own notions, in the van of progress, clung to the antiquated calendar, because the new style was the work of a Pope. England did not come into line until 1751. By that time

the error had amounted to eleven days, and it was necessary to suppress them, nominally, in September, 1752. The pious British Protestants were, in the first place, scandalized that a Protestant government should sanction a Popish invention, and, in the second place, they were convinced that in some way or other the Pope had got hold of the missing days and was applying them to his own nefarious purposes. The mob rose in its wrath, surrounded the ministers' houses, and split the air with the demand, "Give us back our eleven days."

It is not, therefore, surprising that a people so impregnated with the anti-Popish spirit should be responsive even to the wild harangues of a "lunatic apostle." It shows the power of prejudice, the power of tradition, the power of calumny. Neither in the days of the Gunpowder Plot, nor in the days of the Fire of London, nor in the days of Titus Oates, nor in the days of George Gordon was there the slightest reason for the Protestant terror. The pop-

ular fear was engendered by Ghosts. It was fed on whispers and rumors and vague alarms. Even if Catholics wished to injure their Protestant neighbors, it does not appear that they had it in their power to do so. They were few and scattered, and without leaders. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Catholics of England were too loyal and law-abiding. If they had been more self-assertive; if, when they numbered a large proportion of the population, as they did in the time of James, they had defended their conscientious rights with the sword, they might have fared better—they could not have fared worse. But they chose the path of quiet suffering, and walked in it with steadfast feet. In this they did not show that they lacked courage; because it takes a higher degree of courage to suffer patiently and serenely and steadfastly through long years than to risk everything on one wild dash. We can hardly understand the long martyrdom of our brethren in the faith during the time I have been describ-

ing. In the Gordon riots we have the record of that venerable prelate, Dr. Challoner, whose works are still read among us. His name was in special detestation with the rioters, and they announced their determination to murder him. He was ninety years of age, and moved from hiding place to hiding place, with the mob upon his track. In a little room, on his knees, with tears streaming from his eyes—tears not for himself, but for his harassed flock—the aged Bishop prayed while through the streets the mob surged. He is but a figure of the thousands who suffered in those dark days—thousands of men and women of whom the world was not worthy.

For us those days have their lesson. Not only do they bring out what is the main object of these lectures—the baselessness of the clamor against Catholics, and the sources from which modern Protestant prejudices spring—but they afford us an object lesson of the hideousness of bigotry and of the manner in which it should be met. Bigotry is a bully. It is cruel to

the defenseless and the weak. It dares not attack those who can strike back. The cringing air, the suppliant knee, the silent mouth make bigotry bold, and bigotry bold is bigotry bloodthirsty. But a determination to defend our rights to the end, without encroaching on the rights of others, and a plain expression of our determination so to do, will in every case secure us from its malevolence. It is not necessary to be aggressive; it is not necessary to put ourselves in the way of bigotry; it is wrong to insult our neighbors' conscientious convictions, but it is necessary to stand by our rights when any one attacks them, and it is right to defend our own conscientious convictions when they are called in question.

V.—THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

WE ARE coming to the end of this series of lectures. It may be useful, therefore, to take a backward glance and see what we set out to study and what are the results of our investigations. You will remember that I said in the beginning that our subject would be the great Protestant Tradition. Tradition means something handed down, and we undertook to examine the popular notion about Catholicism, which for three hundred years has been handed down from Protestant father to Protestant son. As the main stem of American Protestantism is of English origin, it was necessary to study this tradition as manifested in England. Hence, we have been dealing exclusively with English history. We found that, both here and across the water, the tradition was a fact. The Catholic Church comes before the world

and makes certain claims. All she asks is that those outside her pale should examine those claims. She asks for no favor from them. She wishes to be judged by the same rule of right reason that they apply to the other transactions of life. If her claims do not approve themselves to sincere inquirers she has nothing more to say. She makes only the one demand—that the inquirers will inquire, and not pass her by with contempt.

Here it is she meets with the great Protestant Tradition. Men and women who will inquire into every subject, from the Single Tax to Theosophy, will not inquire into the claims of the Church. It is a settled fact with them that these claims have been examined and found wanting. This is the Protestant Tradition. There is no use studying this exploded superstition. Some of them turn on her in anger, and denounce her as a curse. They have no reason but the Tradition. So they heard their fathers say, and so say they. Others pass her by with

a contemptuous smile—she is finished; the last word has been said in her case; she has no longer any standing in court; let the dead bury their dead. Neither has this class any reason for its opinion but the great Tradition—so it is written; so it must be.

We went a step further, and inquired how it is possible that men should be able to hate or ignore an institution which we believe has been founded by Christ to bring the tidings of salvation to all the world. Then we found that those men hate or ignore, not the Church, but a Ghost which they take to be the Church. Some see a hideous and cruel specter. They hate it, and they fear it. They will not go near it or examine it. If they did they would soon find that it is a phantom of prejudiced minds. Others see a weak, jabbering, imbecile Ghost, a very scarecrow, beneath the notice of grown men. Neither will they examine for themselves. If they did they would learn that this Ghost, too, is the offspring of ignorance.

Then we advanced another step, and we asked, What is the origin of these Ghosts? Why is it that, to English-speaking Protestants the Catholic Church should be something to be hated or something to be despised? Why should Protestants refuse so pertinaciously to examine her claims? Why should they turn away their faces so steadily from the light of her eyes? We found the origin of these Ghosts in the facts of English political history during the past three hundred years. We saw how they were created by skillful politicians, and how they were used to impress on the English people the charge that Catholics were disloyal and bloodthirsty. We saw how, from year to year, and from century to century, that charge was reiterated in the pulpit, on the platform, from public monument, by act of Parliament, by royal speech. We saw how Catholics were slowly, but surely, exterminated. The Protestant Tradition had it all its own way. The Catholic could not answer

back. Should he attempt to defend his name, he did so at the peril of life and limb. Thus the Tradition became an institution of the country not to be doubted or disturbed. Thus Catholics were made a feeble folk, whose silence and feebleness were attributed not to the strong, repressive hand of a persecuting government, but to the consciousness that they could not defend the absurd doctrines they were credited with believing, nor disprove the scandalous charges that were laid to their account.

In the last lecture we saw that necessity had made a change in the English policy toward Catholicism. As long as England had no great interests outside her own shores, she might be able to deal with domestic disaffection with a strong hand. But the American War taught her the necessity of conciliating her own citizens. The American War produced the French War, the Spanish War, and, to use the words of Fox, "armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments

carried on the points of forty-two thousand bayonets." In 1791 an Act was passed which removed some of the most obnoxious features of the Penal Laws. An oath of allegiance was framed, and those who took it were exempt from "the penalties for hearing or saying Mass or performing any religious service in their places of worship, or for being a priest or member of a religious order, or for entering any such order, provided that such places of Catholic worship are duly certified to the Justices of the Peace at Quarter Sessions; provided, also, that such places have not steeples and bells, and that such ecclesiastics shall not wear their vestments or habits out of their churches, or in a private house where not more than five persons are assembled." All the other pains and penalties were in force. The Catholics were excluded from political life, they were forbidden to endow a school or college for the education of their children, they were subjected to a double imposition of the land tax.

Catholic soldiers were compelled to attend Protestant services, and if Catholics wished to get married they had to go before a Protestant preacher. It was, therefore, well written as late as the year 1828, "Catholics are only known to the Constitution for the purpose of pains and penalties. We are worse than aliens in our native land, inasmuch as an alien is under the protection of equal laws, which we are not."

That Catholics would be restored to political equality with Protestants there was little hope, if such restoration depended on the English Catholics. They were few, and without influence. But a great power had been growing up in Ireland. The Irish Catholic population was increasing by leaps and bounds. The two millions of the time of Edmund Burke had grown to six millions. God at last had raised up a leader to marshal those millions into a solid phalanx before which no government could stand. In 1829 the British ministry introduced the

Emancipation Act, and defended their course not on the ground of tolerance or of justice, but on the ground that if Emancipation were refused the country must face civil war.

For the deliverance, therefore, from the Penal Laws the Catholics have no one to thank but themselves. As long as it was possible to withhold justice from them, justice was withheld. Only when they became too strong to be kept in slavery were their chains stricken off. The relief was given ungracefully and grudgingly when it would be dangerous to refuse. They have, therefore, no debt of gratitude to the English Parliament or to the English politicians. They got their rights when they were able to take them.

This is true of the Catholics of Ireland; but unfortunately it is not true of the Catholics of England. I have already called your attention to the disappearance of English Catholicism. At the beginning of this century there were not in all England and Wales seventy thousand people

professing that faith. They had no influence—social or political—and excepting a few old families they had no wealth. They were trained by centuries of persecution to shun public notice, thinking themselves fortunate if they were allowed to live. There was no Catholic literature, there were few priests, the services of the Church were conducted in hired rooms or in mean buildings called chapels. Cardinal Newman, with his matchless felicity, described the condition of the Catholic community at the opening of this century in that wonderful sermon known as the "Second Spring":

> One and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, alas, know it far better than I can know it; but it may not be out of place if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without of what you can witness much more truly from within. No longer the Catholic Church in the country;

nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community, but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. "The Roman Catholics"—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it; not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad, but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming or going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were or what they did,

or what was meant by calling them "Roman Catholics" no one could tell—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the Roman Catholics; but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys, in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant histories and sermons, and they did not report well of "the Roman Catholics," but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might on one occasion hear it pointed out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter

had Bishops, and the former were governed by four officials called Vicars Apostolic. Such was about the sort of knowledge of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga,* a people who shunned the light of day. Such were the Catholics in England—found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth. At length, so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity; and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favor, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they, themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our

> doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiocy, or our secret unbelief, might be our plea for mercy.
> —*Newman, "The Second Spring."*

Emancipation had given the Catholic Church liberty, and that is all she needs. Unlike those sects which depend for their permanence on the support of the civil power, she is able to stand alone. She could now come into the light and speak for herself. She could set forth her doctrines, defend them, dispel calumny and misrepresentation, and present her claims to the English-speaking world. Of course the power of the Tradition made itself felt. There were few who listened to her, but those who did listen soon learned to recognize the voice of God's messenger. Little by little the leaven began to work in the lump. Little by little men saw that she was a living organization with a mission not to be despised. Her children rallied round her, as faithful in the days of freedom as they had been in the days of adversity. As yet they were

but a little flock; but two movements now began which were destined to bring thousands to her fold and to make her, as she had been of old, the joyful mother of children.

The first of these movements began in the bosom of the Established Church itself. You may remember that I described to you two parties which existed among the English Protestants from the very beginning of Protestantism. As Protestantism means a protest against the Old Faith, it is only natural that there should be degrees in that protest. Some rejected more doctrines than the others. Thus, the Presbyterians reject government by Bishops, and the Congregationalists reject government by Presbyteries. We thus have in English Protestantism two great wings or parties, commonly known as High Church and Low Church. In the time of Charles II. the Puritans, or the Extreme Low Churchmen, were forced out of the Establishment, and formed the dissenting sects, or, as we call them now, Baptists,

Presbyterians and Congregationalists. Still, only the extremists left the Establishment, and the body of the Anglican clergy were thoroughly opposed to anything savoring of Catholicism, even though they did submit to government by Bishops.

Of course you understand that in the English Church the government appoints the Bishops. When the members of a government are of Low Church proclivities it is only natural that they should appoint Low Church Bishops. This was the practice followed after the revolution of 1688, and we learn from Protestant authority that those Bishops were more intent on their own advancement than on the betterment of the spiritual condition of their flocks:

> A large number of the prelates were mere Whig partisans, with no higher aim than that of their own promotion. . . . A Welsh Bishop avowed that he had seen his diocese but once. . . . A shrewd, if prejudiced, observer brands the

English clergy of the day as the most lifeless in Europe, "the most remiss of their labors in private and the least severe in their lives." There was a revolt against religion and against churches in both the extremes of English society. In the higher circles of society "every one laughs," said Montesquieu, on his visit to England, "if one talks of religion." Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the greater part were unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives. . . . At the other end of the social scale lay the masses of the poor. They were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive, for the increase of population which followed on the growth of towns and the development of commerce had been met by no effort for their religious or educational improvement. Not a new parish had been created. Schools there were none, save the grammar schools of Edward and Elizabeth, and some newly established "circulating schools" in Wales, for religious education. The

rural peasantry, who were fast being reduced to pauperism by the abuse of the Poor Laws were left without much moral or religious support of any sort. "We saw only one Bible in the parish of Cheddar," said Hannah More, at a far later time, "and that was used to prop a flower pot." Within the towns, things were worse. There was no effective police, and in great outbreaks the mob of London or Birmingham burnt houses, flung open prisons, and sacked and pillaged at their will. The criminal class gathered numbers and boldness in the face of ruthless laws, which only testified to the terror of society—laws which made it a capital crime to cut down a cherry tree, and which strung up twenty young thieves of a morning in front of Newgate; while the introduction of gin gave a new impetus to drunkenness; in the streets of London at one time gin shops invited every passer-by to get drunk for a penny or dead drunk for twopence.—*"Green's Short History of the English People," Chap. X.*

The first attempt to remedy this sad

state of affairs was made by the Wesleys. John Wesley was a clergyman in the Established Church, and, to the end, he did not wish to break with it. His movement, however, was on extreme Low Church lines, and soon the Methodists became a separate sect. But they had broken the torpor of the Establishment, and by the beginning of the present century signs were not wanting that many of the thoughtful and earnest men of that communion were seriously considering their relations both to their own church and to the other churches into which Christendom is divided.

Oxford is one of the great English universities. Founded in Catholic times, and endowed by a Catholic generosity, it became, after the Reformation, thoroughly Protestant. A large proportion of the clergymen of the Established Church received their training in its colleges, and the most scholarly men in Anglican Orders occupied its fellowships and professorial chairs. In the eighteenth cen-

tury Methodism took its rise in Oxford, and in the nineteenth century another religious movement, the very opposite of Methodism, found its origin there.

The Church is a historical fact. She was founded by Christ and she has come down all the centuries to our day. In breaking away from Rome the Protestants had justified their schism on the plea that Rome had departed from the simplicity of the Apostles. The extreme Protestants held that nothing should be believed or practiced for which there was not clear warrant in the Bible. The less extreme Protestants, or Anglicans, held that the belief and practice of the Church in the first four or five centuries should be the rule and guide of the Church now. The new movement arose from a historical study of those centuries. It was not a popular movement; it was, on the contrary, begun among the fellows and professors, and had its chief strength among men of learning. From their reading they reconstructed the Church as it

stood in the early ages, and they compared it with the body to which they belonged. They found that Anglicanism had degenerated into a mere department of the English civil service, without knowledge of what she believed, and without power to teach it. They saw the ancient Church, full of life and vigor, with a creed which was inculcated authoritatively and without equivocation. They believed that their Church was the lineal successor of this ancient Church. They thought that the Reformation had been only a reformation—not the introduction of a new religion. They had no love for Rome. She was filled with abominations, though they confessed that, equally with England and Russia, she was a branch of the one great Catholic Church. They called themselves Catholics, but, as they said, not Roman Catholics. They spurned the title Protestant and spoke with bitterness of the Reformers. They wished to restore the old ideals, to teach the old doctrines, to bring back the old practices.

They did not want the Pope. It was an essential portion of their theory that their Church was independent. But, short of the Pope, they would be Catholics. From their elaborate ritual they were called Ritualists; from one of their great leaders, Dr. Pusey, they were called Puseyites. From the fact that they began their agitation by the publication of a series of *Tracts of the Times,* they were called Tractarians, and the whole movement is commonly spoken of as the Oxford Movement.

The greatest of all the Tractarians was John Henry Newman. His piety, his learning, his power of expression made him the soul of the party. He was sincere in his belief that the Anglican Church was the Church of Christ, and for ten years, from 1833 to 1843, he labored as few men can labor to advance her cause. From the beginning Catholics who were watching the movement prophesied where it would end. They saw with the instinct of the faith that once

the idea of a teaching Church took possession of the minds of those generous and devoted men logic would lead them to the one Fold. Newman, however, believed most firmly in the divine character of Anglicanism until a rude shock showed him that she was Protestant to the core. One of the tracts known as Tract 90 tried to prove that the chief Catholic doctrines are not inconsistent with the Anglican formula of faith known as the Thirty-nine Articles. The authorities of the Establishment took the alarm. They knew they were Protestants, and they did not want any one to turn them into Catholics by sleight of hand. They condemned the tract, and Newman began to see that the church he loved so well was not the same as that glorious old Church of the first centuries of which history tells. But the vision came slowly. For four long and weary years the conviction was growing on him that the Church of Rome was the Church of the Fathers. The

conviction was unwelcome; he fought against it. He was forty-four years of age, and all his friendships were in the English Church, and his affectionate nature clung to the University as a child to its mother. Rome, too, he had been taught was filled with abominations, and he had spoken bitterly against her. For four years the conflict went on. At last the light shone upon him and he who had prayed so many years before "Lead, Kindly Light," arose and followed the light. It led him from his father's house, from his own people, but it led him into the one Fold and to the feet of Him who is the true Shepherd of our souls.

Newman became a Catholic in 1845, and the sensation was immense. Disraeli said that his secession from Anglicanism "dealt a blow to the Church of England, under which she still reels." The Oxford Movement was having its logical results. Some of the most distinguished clergymen in England laid down their benefices and became Catholics. Between 1842 and

1856 over two hundred ministers, besides many laymen, had left the Establishment; by 1867 the total number of notable converts had risen nearly to nine hundred.

While this movement gave much prestige to the Church, the numbers, as compared with the Anglican population, were inconsiderable. But in the forties began another movement which was destined to treble the Catholic strength in fifty years. In 1845 the population of Ireland was over eight millions, but the great famine soon came, and the people fled from their native land. The vast majority came to America, but over half a million settled in the English towns. They brought their religion with them, and soon the English priests and English chapels became too small for their increasing numbers. Their own priests came at their call and the unfailing generosity of the race provided means for stately churches.

It is often thought by those outside the Church that Catholics are naturally clannish. In this country we are accused of

combining, irrespective of party politics, in favor of Catholic candidates. If this were true it would be a most extraordinary phenomenon. Race prejudice and race hatred lie very deep in human nature. The Catholic Frenchman has no particular love for the Catholic German, and when both Ireland and England were Catholic nations the struggle between them raged as fiercely as to-day. When the Catholic Irish poured into England the English Catholics did not regard them with a friendly eye. They were on opposite sides in politics, and it is said that once, when some prominent Catholics of the old Tory families opposed some measure of O'Connell's the great Liberator declared, with a sigh, "God forgive me for emancipating them."

Such things must be, because such is human nature. But the Catholic Church guards against their evil effects by keeping politics and race hatred out of her sanctuary. She is true to the ideal of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of

Man. Inside the doors of her churches partisan politics must never enter; her pulpits are sacred to the word of God, and must not be defiled by the petty ambitions of man. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, Whig and Tory, Republican and Democrat, red man and black man, white man and yellow, kneel before her altars, and all are equal—God is their Father, and they are brethren of Christ Jesus.

So it was that even though the old race feeling might exist, Irish Catholic and English Catholic joined hands in building up the walls of Jerusalem. The little chapels were changed into beautiful churches, and like her Saviour rising from the tomb the Catholic Church appeared before the English people glorious and immortal—the Milk White Hind oft doomed to death though fated not to die.

The result of the Irish immigration and of the Oxford Movement was such an extension of the Catholic organization that the old methods were inadequate for the new needs. The normal government of

the Church is by Bishops. The Apostle of old went to a town and there preached the faith. While he remained there he was the teaching Church; all that came to him were his disciples. When he passed to another place he choose some one to carry on his office of teaching and ruling. That successor was known as a Bishop, and he was the ruler of that particular flock. In course of time every considerable city had a Bishop. All were practically equal, and at the head of them was the Chief of the Apostles, St. Peter. When he died his successors took his place and thus we have the present system of government by means of the Pope and the Bishops. The city in which the Bishop dwelt was called his See or Seat. The territory surrounding that city is known as a Diocese. Several dioceses are grouped into a Province, and the Bishop of the chief dioceses is known as an Archbishop or Metropolitan. In Catholic times England consisted of two provinces, Canterbury and York, and some twenty dio-

ceses. In the time of Elizabeth the Catholic Bishops were dispossessed of their Sees, and Protestant ministers were made Bishops by act of Parliament. Of course they were not Bishops in the true sense of the word, neither did they claim to be. Elizabeth, who was given to violent language, used to swear at them when they would not do her bidding, and remind them that as she had made them so also she could unmake them. Thus it came to pass that the old hierarchy disappeared in 1584 with the death of the last Bishop of Lincoln. For a period of nearly forty years, owing to the bitterness of the persecution, the Catholics were left without a shepherd, until 1623, when a Vicar-Apostolic was appointed. A Vicar-Apostolic is a substitute for a Bishop. It is a temporary form of government, and bears about the same relation to Episcopal government that a territory does to a state. In 1688 four vicars were appointed, and the number was raised to eight in 1840.

With the growth of the Church came

the natural desire to have the normal form of Church government. The old sees, it is true, were gone, but the same power that made them in the days of Augustine might make new sees now. From 1840 onward the matter was agitated among the English Catholics. In the year 1850 Pius IX. acceded to their wishes and restored the hierarchy. Westminster was made an Archbishopric, with twelve other dioceses. The first Archbishop, Dr. Wiseman, received the Cardinal's hat, and by a letter dated "Out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome" he announced the joyful news to his coreligionists.

Of course this was a purely ecclesiastical act and dealt solely with the internal administration of the Catholic Church. The Pope had nothing to say to the Establishment, and he said nothing. But the politicians were at hand to make capital out of it. Lord John Russell was in a very bad temper. You remember that, in the Established Church, Bishops are appointed by the government. The nomi-

nees of Lord John Russell were not thought well of by the Tractarians, and they had expressed their opinions openly, both about the new Bishops and the minister who made them. Lord John Russell was anxious to get even, and, in the Pope's Bull re-establishing the hierarchy he saw his opportunity. The eve of the celebration of Guy Fawkes' Day he published an open letter to the Anglican Bishop of Durham. In it he evoked the ancient Ghosts, and spoke of "the insolent and insidious aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism." His severest condemnation, however, was reserved for the Tractarians, whom he accused of doing the work of Rome within the Establishment and of leading their flocks "step by step to the very verge of the precipice."

The time of the letter was well chosen. The 5th of November is the grand Carnival of the Ghosts. Lord John Russell's letter started the incantation, and the clergy of the Establishment took it up. The people were stirred to their depths.

The greatest of the English newspapers and the worst, the *London Times,* thundered against Rome. At a meeting of the vestry at Exeter, the gallant vestrymen expressed their sentiments as follows: "Resolved, That the meeting defies the Pope and the devil; and that they also repudiate all bishops, deans, canons, priests or deacons who have the least tendency to Puseyism."

Instead of Guy Fawkes, the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman and the new Bishops were committed to the flames. The following extracts from local newspapers may give a faint idea of the proceedings:

> At Salisbury, on Wednesday, the effigies of His Holiness the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, and the twelve Bishops were completed. Friday evening about 5 p. m., Castle street was so densely crowded that no one could pass to the upper end of it. Shortly after, some hundreds of torches were lighted, which then exhibited a forest of heads. About half-past six His Holiness was brought out, amid the

cheering of the populace. The procession being formed, proceeded in the following order: Torch-bearers, brass band, torch-bearers, His Holiness in full pontificals, seated in a huge chair; torch-bearers, Bishops, three abreast; torch-bearers, Cardinal Wiseman, etc., etc. Within the precincts of the close the national anthem was played amid deafening cheers. At this time the scene was very imposing. The procession having paraded the city, the effigies were taken to the Green Croft, where, over a large number of faggots and barrels of tar, a huge platform was erected of timber; the effigies were placed thereon, and a volley of rockets sent up. The band played the doxology, and deafening cheers followed. A light being applied to the combustibles below, the flames rose to the platform; hundreds of fireworks were then hurled at the effigies. Then followed the morning hymn and the national anthem, in which thousands joined.

At Ware on Tuesday week His Holiness, Pio Nono, was burnt in

effigy, on an eminence overlooking the town. The figure was dressed in full pontificals, with the triple crown on its head, and the addition of a large pair of ram's horns. In the wagon was a donkey to represent His Excellency the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. After solemnly parading the streets, the effigy was escorted by a large concourse of people to Musley Hill, where it was solemnly suspended by the neck on a gallows erected over a huge pile of faggot-wood and tar barrels, and then burned amid the roars and execrations of the multitude.

At Peckham the Pope was burned in effigy on Peckham Common. A van drawn by four horses drew up fronting a house on the Green, from which emerged some dozen men, armed with various weapons, each leading a man attired in the surplice of a Romish clergyman, the latter being tumbled into the vehicle amid the shouts of several thousand persons. The next brought out were two athletic fellows, one attired as a Cardinal and the other as his chaplain. A few yards

> in advance stood an Herculean fellow bearing a burlesque effigy of the Pope and having in his hand what purported to be the late memorable Bull. The procession proceeded towards Camberwell followed at least by 10,000 persons. It was hailed in its progress through the various streets with the loudest acclamations, and cries of "No Popery!" "Hurrah for the Queen!" "No foreign priesthood!" etc., etc.

Those demonstrations did not hurt any one and they pleased the free born Briton. But more dangerous measures were preparing. It is often brought as a charge against the Catholic Church that she seeks a union with the State. It is said, especially in America, that Catholics are plotting to procure an establishment of religion. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Church, it is true, does not wish to be at war with the State, because such hostility is opposed to the interest of the people; but at the same time she will never consent to become a mere depart-

ment of the State. She has her own sphere in the spiritual world, and she derives her power not from the State but from her Founder. Now, on the contrary, an examination of historical facts will show us that the sects which are so ready to accuse us of invoking State aid, are themselves the first to call in the temporal arm when they consider their privileges in danger. Hence all those societies for disfranchising Catholics; hence all those persecuting laws in the past, and all these propositions for invidious legislation now; hence mob violence; hence those appeals to legislatures, to governments, to ministers of State.

True to its instincts, the Established Church of England immediately demanded repressive measures. The power of Parliament was invoked. The clergy of Middlesex lifted up their voices and called for aid:

> We, therefore, feel it our bounden duty at this unprecedented crisis to protest against this usurpation of authority by a foreign prelate, and to

> invite the co-operation of our lay brethren in prevailing on Her Majesty's government, and if necessary on the legislature, to adopt such measures as shall cause this schismatic and intrusive step to be retraced, and to prevent those evil consequences to our national institutions which it must otherwise produce.

The Archdeacon of London had no scruple, in the middle of the nineteenth century, of advocating a return to the penal enactments of William of Orange. He said in an address to the clergy:

> If these evils are to be avoided it must be, under God's blessing, by a combination scarcely less powerful and united than that which, in 1688, prevented James II. from carrying into effect his wishes for the conversion of England to Popery. That our Bishops will, both in and out of Parliament, do their duty in endeavoring to deliver our Protestant country from Papal aggression we cannot doubt.

The *London Times,* encouraged by the

outcry, prophesied that the new hierarchy would soon be ended. Commenting on a pastoral letter of Dr. Ullathorne, one of the new Bishops, it said:

> Let Dr. Ullathorne imagine, if he can, on the faith of history, which he dare not quote, that the foundations of his episcopal chair will only be consolidated by the interference of the State. We tell him that the days of his episcopate are numbered, and that it is not because his chair is built upon a rock, but merely because his appointment has been adroitly made during the recess of Parliament, that he is in the enjoyment of that seat, the foundations of which he dreams are eternal; and that, though it be not in the power of our Legislature to prevent him from having been the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, it will, most assuredly, be their will, and completely in their power, to provide that he shall be the last.

It is no wonder that such editorials as that should fire the Anglican preachers to

frenzy. One got into his pulpit and howled:

> I would make it a capital offense to administer the Confession in this country. Transportation would not satisfy me, for that would merely transfer the evil from one part of the world to the other. Capital punishment alone would satisfy me. Death alone would prevent the evil. That is my sober conviction.

And so the storm raged. Newman has described it so humorously and yet so truly that I cannot help quoting his words:

> Heresy, and skepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge the Establishment in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not

by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set swinging and booming, toiling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about "the Popish aggression," "insolent and insidious," "insidious and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "atrocious and insolent," "atrocious, insolent and ungrateful," "ungrateful, insolent and atrocious," "foul and offensive," "pestilent and horrid," "subtle and unholy," "audacious and revolting," "contemptible and shameless," "malignant," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious,"—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bobs-majors, and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of

the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.—*"Present Position of Catholics," ii.*

But the fanatics were not to have it all their own way. The days had passed when Catholics could be abused and then hanged if they dared answer back. The Catholic leaders were able to defend themselves in print, and the increase in the Catholic population in the large cities made it impolitic for the pious mob to repeat the scenes of the Gordon Riot. The Tractarians, too, were not afraid to speak out, and soon Lord John Russell was convinced he had made a mistake. It was well known that he was very anxious to find a way out of the difficulty, and one of the comic journals of the time pictured him as a little boy who had chalked "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door and was running away afraid of being caught.

But it was now too late to back down, and when Parliament met in February, 1851, a bill was introduced making it illegal for Catholic priests to assume eccle-

siastical titles in the United Kingdom. It was called the Ecclesiasticals Titles Bill, and became a law in July. One of the strongest speeches made against it came from Gladstone, who said "It is hostile to the institutions of the country, more especially to its established religion, because it would teach us to rely on other support than that of the spiritual strength and vitality which alone can give it vigor."

The Act made it unlawful for any Catholic Bishop to take the name of a place in Great Britain as his title. Scarcely was it passed when John McHale wrote a public letter to the Prime Minister, signing himself John, Archbishop of Tuam. The letter killed the Act. It was never put in force, and, in 1871, was quietly repealed. Thus was laid the Ghost of a Name.

But throughout the country the agitation continued. We know, by experience, what such an agitation means. The preachers abuse the Pope and the Church; fallen wretches, known as ex-priests, are trotted around to retail their filth to the

extreme Protestants, who are willing to believe anything vile. Such an agitation raged in England in 1850 and 1851. Then, as now, there were feeble-minded Catholics, who deprecated all noise and tumult, and who thought that the Pope would have done better to let well enough alone. They had been so long in chains that the iron had entered into their souls.

But manlier councils prevailed in England. Newman had become a priest after his conversion, and was living in Birmingham. In the height of the agitation he delivered those wonderful lectures, entitled "The Present Position of Catholics in England." In them he described the great Protestant Tradition and tore the veil from the ignorance and the prejudice which are the life of the Protestant idea of Catholics. In one of his lectures he dealt with a certain Achilli, an Italian ex-priest, who was touring the country exposing the iniquities of Rome. Achilli was a man of infamous life, and Newman used him as an illustration of the sources from which

the Protestant Tradition derives its knowledge of the Catholic faith. In a passage, which is a masterpiece of invective, he described Achilli's career. Achilli brought an action for libel. Newman produced a cloud of witnesses and proved all his charges; but he was dealing with a British Protestant jury, in a season of anti-Catholic excitement. The Chief Justice, Lord Campbell, delivered a most unfair charge, and the jury brought in a verdict that the libel had not been justified. The general impression, even of non-Catholics, was that gross injustice was done to Newman. Achilli disappeared, and the costs of the trial, which amounted to over $60,000, were paid by a public subscription, taken up all over the world. But the agitation was killed. The ex-priest business was ruined. The sunlight had touched the Ghost, and lo, it was no more.

I have now traced the history of the Catholic Church in England from the days of the Reformation to our own time. We have seen the growth of the English

Protestant Tradition and we are watching its decay. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was the last legal attempt to restrain the free exercise of the Catholic religion.

But there was one other agitation against the Church, which, for the sake of completeness, deserves attention. You know the Church is a society, and, as a society, she must have a government and a constitution. That government and that constitution were given her by Jesus Christ Himself. Now it often happens, as here in the United States, the question of the meaning of the Constitution comes up: Is such and such a provision constitutional? Those questions go through the courts, and are finally settled by our Supreme Court. In the Church the question arises: Is such and such doctrine revealed by Christ? This question may be discussed for a time, but is finally settled by the Supreme Court, namely, the Pope. The decision is not only final, but infallible, because the Holy Ghost is always with the Church to guard it from error.

Catholics had always explicitly held that the Church—that is to say, the whole society, made up of head and body—was infallible when deciding a question of faith and morals. They had implicitly believed that the head of the Church enjoyed this privilege when speaking as the supreme teacher of Christendom. This latter question, however, began to be discussed, and it became necessary to define it explicitly. Therefore, the whole Church met in the Vatican Council of 1870, and promulgated the decision that in matters of faith and morals the official teaching of the Pope was infallible.

This added no new doctrine to the old faith; no more than a decision of our Supreme Court adds a new article to our Constitution. As it dealt not with politics, not with history, not with science, not with art, but with religion, no one could imagine that it would be considered a menace to the British Constitution. But all things are possible to the disappointed politician. Gladstone had deserved well of the Cath-

olic community and of the Irish people. He had spoken against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and had disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland. However, like many more men he was obstinate, and thought he knew better than the Irish what was good for them. One of the chief grievances of that country was the university question. The Protestants had two universities, well endowed, and the Catholics had none. Gladstone determined to remedy that grievance. Now it stands to reason that if a statesman wishes to provide a university for Catholics he should consult the wishes of Catholics. This Gladstone unfortunately would not do, and the result was that the Irish Bishops were compelled to reject his scheme. As a consequence he was defeated in Parliament, and went out of office.

In 1874 he created a sensation by publishing a pamphlet entitled, "The Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance." In this pamphlet he contended that Catholics could not be good citizens,

because of their belief in the infallibility of the Pope. No fewer than twenty-one pamphlets were published in reply, and in a second booklet he practically withdrew his accusation:

> I cannot but say that the immediate purpose of my appeal has been attained, in so far that the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects in the mass remains untainted and secure.

Thus passed the last of the Ghosts. In the short time since emancipation the Catholic Church has shown that she is able to hold her own. She met those who calumniated her, boldly, and she demonstrated that she was not afraid of investigation. This is the result of free discussion. We may not convince those who are opposed to us, but we can remove prejudices and misconceptions. When men look into our eyes and hear our voice they cannot believe us the bloodthirsty and cruel tyrants which the Protestant Tradition pictures us to be. Thus though they may

still remain in their own creed they are tolerant of ours. No designing politician can convince them that we are plotting against their rights. They know us. They can ask us to our faces. They can come into our churches and examine our institutions from garret to cellar, and they can judge for themselves. Such has been the effect of toleration in England. Of course its work is not complete. Bigotry and credulity still live; but bigotry is a beaten cause, and the bigots know it.

Another reason for the passing of the Ghosts is to be found in the success of the Oxford Movement, even within the Establishment. Formerly a small minority, the ritualists are now in the majority. They are teaching the old Catholic doctrines to the people, and as the Catholic doctrines spread, hostility to Catholicism is dying out. In half a century the Anglican Church has sprung back three hundred years. She is now nearly in the same position, as regards doctrine, as she was in the reign of Henry VIII., when nothing

separated her from Rome but the headship of the Pope.

That the Anglican Church, as a Church, will return to the unity of Christendom is, of course, more than any man can say. When we consider what she was in the beginning of the century, and what she is now, anything is possible. But she is a great nursery of conversions. When men embrace Catholic teaching they must be logical. They are led to the Pope. A steady stream of conversions has set toward the Catholic Church, and in England alone as many as a thousand are received into the one Fold each month.

This brings me to the end of the English Ghosts. At the next lecture we will examine the history of our own Ghosts. It has been hard and unpleasant to rake up those old memories. It is not a grateful task to relate the mistakes of the past, but from them we learn how to avoid similar mistakes now. We accuse no one now living of the responsibility for those mistakes. When Catholics recount the persecution

of their fathers in the faith by the Protestants they do not accuse their Protestant brethren of being desirous to repeat those atrocities, and they are justly indignant when some preacher reciting the story of the persecution of Protestants by Catholics declares that all Catholics would burn, roast and hang heretics now if they got the chance.

We have examined the history of those times for a special purpose, namely, to find out how the suspicion and distrust of Catholicism which we find among English speaking Protestants originated. We find that suspicion and distrust were fed on Ghosts. We find that causeless hatred of the Church was inculcated for political reasons among the English people, and we have read the sad, though at times ludicrous effects produced by that dread. To the Catholic this study brings home the truth that his religion is something worth knowing and worth defending. He is face to face with three centuries of misrepresentation, and the tradition of three centuries

is not dissipated in a day. To the non-Catholic the only appeal we make is: Examine. In these lectures I have not explained Catholic doctrine; I have not offered arguments for Catholic dogma. I have simply tried to find out why it is that Protestants are afraid of the Catholic Church and why they will not inquire into her claims. I have tried to show by the facts of history how Catholicism was caricatured for three centuries and denied fair play. I have tried to explain how our non-Catholic brethren see Ghosts instead of reality. In speaking of those times I may have used harsh language, but no harsher than good Protestants themselves are accustomed to use. In speaking of our separated brethren to-day, I hope I have used no expression which would give reasonable grounds for offense. To those, of course, who are going to be offended with cause or without it, I have no apology to offer. But to those who believe in truth, who believe that God gave them their reason to find out His will, I say: Inquire. Study

our claims. Understand our doctrine. Hear what we have to say for ourselves. Do not depend on second-hand information, but find out for yourself. This is all we ask, and this we believe will be sufficient.

VI.—ANTI-CATHOLIC MOVEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA.

THE object of the Catholic Truth Society is to set forth the teachings and history of the Catholic Church from the Catholic standpoint. As we may be reasonably supposed to know best what our teachings mean, it is only right that those who wish to examine our teachings should learn them from us. It is also a true and tried maxim that one story is good until another is told; therefore, those who have all their lives been hearing our history as recorded by Protestants, should, in order to form a correct judgment, listen to what we have to say for our own deeds and for the deeds of our forefathers in the faith.

We find, however, when we approach non-Catholics, that they have already strong prejudices concerning the Church and her teachings. Such prejudices are inevitable. We should not fear them were

they not accompanied by an indisposition to hear us, and a deep-rooted aversion to examine our claims. In order to understand the nature of this aversion, we have been studying the history of England in as far as it relates to Catholics during the past three hundred years. As the original colonies which formed this republic were mainly of English origin, such study was necessary. We found that during that period Catholicism was systematically misrepresented to the English people. We found that all manner of slanders and calumny was circulated against us. We found how the Ghosts had their origin, and we learned how thoroughly their work was done.

When men change their country they do not change their temper. The English colonists brought to these shores the dread and hatred of Popery which they had learned at home. It is now our task in this, the last lecture of the series, to study the fate of the Ghosts in this country. To accomplish it in anything like a proper

manner would require as many lectures as have been already delivered. I intend now to treat the subject lightly and briefly. It will be the duty of the Catholic Truth Society in future lectures, tracts and pamphlets to deal more extensively with happenings which are of the greatest interest to us because they bear on our character as citizens and because they explain the nature and cause of that prejudice, to counteract which the Catholic Truth Society has been established.

The seventeenth century saw the settlement of the original thirteen colonies, with the exception of Georgia. You remember that I have described the division of English Protestantism into two great parties or factions—the extreme Protestants, or the Puritans, and the moderate Protestants, or the Episcopalians. Speaking generally, the Puritans settled along the Northern seaboard, while the Established Church was planted in the South. All New England was Puritan; Virginia was strongly Episcopalian.

It would be an unnecessary and ungrateful task to dilate on the intolerance of the Puritan and Cavalier. The Puritans had been persecuted by the State Church in England, and they went into the wilderness to found a commonwealth where they could enjoy freedom of worship. They speedily showed, however, that they meant freedom for themselves and for their own worship alone. Hardly had they landed, when they exiled Episcopalians who worshipped according to the Book of Common Prayer. Not so long afterward Roger Williams was banished because of his tolerant sentiments. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, the mother of all the New England Women Righters, was declared unfit for the society of Christians. The unfortunate Quakers were sentenced, after the first conviction, to lose one ear; after a second conviction, to lose the other ear, and after the third conviction to have the tongue bored with a red-hot iron. At last, despairing of silencing them, the Puritans ordered them to leave the colony

under penalty of death. Several, including a woman, were hanged.

Encouraged by such laws and such examples it is not surprising that Catholics gave New England a wide berth. There was none to be found in any of the colonies in that part of the world, and it might be supposed that the Ghosts would fall into innocuous desuetude. But no. North and west of New England were the French; the French were Catholics, and as often as not England was at war with France. Among the Indian tribes the Jesuits and other religious orders were laboring with a zeal which is to this day the wonder of the world. They crossed deserts, overcame the mountains, paddled in their birch canoes on unnamed rivers, in cold and hunger and nakedness they sought souls. They lived as the Indians lived and they died with their converts. Some of them returned to Europe and showed scarred and mutilated stumps where hands had once been, as their testimony to the faith. They were men of peace,

not men of war. Yet when the political needs of the French government stirred up the Indians against the English, just as the political needs of the English government stirred up the Indians against the French, the cry went up that the Jesuits were at the bottom of it. The cry was false. The great American historians of Protestant belief acknowledge that the missionaries always stood for peace and colonial neutrality. But the cry served the purpose. The Puritan pulpits resounded with the old slogan against Rome, and the young Americans who had never seen a Catholic, or read a Catholic book, or heard of a Catholic dogma were educated in the orthodox belief of the Ghosts. In Old England the Ghost was a Jesuit behind the Gunpowder Plotters—in New England the Ghost was a Jesuit behind a painted Indian with scalping knife and tomahawk.

Virginia was the typical southern colony. It was Royalist to the core, and the Established Church of England was also

the Established Church of Virginia. In its foundation "the exclusion of Roman Catholics had been avowed as a special object, and the statutes of its legislature as well as the commands of the sovereign aimed at a perpetual religious uniformity." All the oaths and laws with which Catholics were plagued in the old country obtained in the new. Catholics, however, were not alone. The same measure of persecution and disability which the Puritans meted to the Episcopalians in Massachusetts, the Episcopalians meted to the Puritans in Virginia. The whole State was parceled out into parishes, and a tax on tobacco levied for the support of the minister. A fine of the same currency was imposed on all who would not attend the Anglican church on Sunday.

As the persecuted Puritans had looked to the land beyond the sea as an asylum from the intolerance of their Protestant brethren, so the persecuted Catholics sought a refuge from the bigotry of Puritan and Episcopalian alike. Sir George

Calvert was raised in the Anglican Church, but a study of the grounds of the Reformation brought him back to the faith of his fathers. This was in 1617, a time when no worldly prospects invited such a step. In accordance with the Penal Laws, he at once resigned his political offices; but James I., who respected him highly, elevated him to the Irish peerage under the title of Lord Baltimore. The sad condition of his coreligionists in England appealed to him, and he cast about for a plan of relief. Seeing no hope at home he turned his thoughts to America, and in 1622 he obtained a patent for Newfoundland. There he planted a colony and called it Avalon, in memory of the spot where Christianity had been introduced into Britain. In this colony he established full religious toleration, and provided priests for the Catholics and a preacher for the Protestants. But the enterprise did not succeed. The preacher complained to the home government that Lord Baltimore allowed Mass to be said, the climate was too

inhospitable, and the French were hostile. The attempt was abandoned. Lord Baltimore took as many of the colonists as would follow him and sailed for Virginia. Here, however, he was refused hospitality. The authorities knew he was a Catholic; they tendered him the Oath of Supremacy, which they knew he could not take, and thus the father of religious toleration on this continent was denied the ordinary courtesies of humanity from those whose coreligionists he had treated as fairly as the members of the household of his own faith. Returning to England he applied for the country lying north of the Potomac, as a site for a colony. The application was granted, but before the necessary formalities were finished he died. Of him Bancroft says:

> Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice

> and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions, with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state.

His son, the second Lord Baltimore, received the charter, which was one of the most liberal ever issued by the British Crown. The new colony was to be called Maryland. The Lord Proprietor was invested with all legislative and executive power.

In 1633 two vessels, called the Ark and the Dove, left England for Maryland. They arrived at the mouth of the Potomac, March 25, 1634. Warned by his father's troubles with the preacher in Newfoundland, Lord Baltimore informed the colo-

nists that he did not intend to supply them with clergymen. Two Jesuits went with the expedition as gentlemen adventurers and took their chances with the others. There were a few Protestants in the company, but no preacher. The vast majority was Catholic.

The foundation of a Catholic State so close to Virginia roused the bigots of that province. The Jesuits were on their borders, and the country was not safe. Though the Catholics of Maryland gave every man freedom of worship, Virginia could not profit by the example, and in 1641 a special law was passed which prohibited any Papist from holding office under the penalty of a thousand pounds of tobacco.

The troubles in England between the King and the Parliament had their effects in Maryland. In 1646 the colony was invaded from Virginia and the Jesuits were thrown into irons and sent to London. Not a priest was left in the land. The following year, however, the Lord Pro-

prietor re-established his authority. Up to this, toleration was the practice of the colony. The doings of the Virginians and the increasing numbers of the Protestants showed the Catholics the necessity of making some legal provision for themselves. They had striven to do, rather than to talk. They had not uttered many high-sounding phrases about liberty of conscience, but they had given liberty of conscience. The persecuted Puritans of Virginia and the persecuted Prelatists from Massachusetts found at their hands a welcome and equal rights. But signs were not wanting that bigotry might prove stronger than gratitude, and the Catholics determined to place on the statute book, as an everlasting memorial, their determination to uphold toleration. This was the law of 1649, the day star of religious freedom on this continent, the measure by which, in after time, a great nation, made up of many peoples and many faiths, was to solve a question which had filled Christendom with misery and blood.

But the bigots were not to be deterred from their work by legislative enactments. After the establishment of the Commonwealth, the Commissioners therefor entered Maryland and called an assembly from which all Catholics were excluded. The Protestants who sat in that assembly were beneficiaries of the Catholics. They had been given freedom of worship when Catholics were in the majority; yet now when they had power they passed a law that "none who profess and exercise the Popish, commonly called the Roman Catholic, religion can be protected in this province by the laws of England, but are to be restrained from the exercise thereof."

In England, however, Lord Baltimore, the proprietor, had sufficient influence to have the acts of the Commission set aside and his own authority re-established. The Toleration Law of 1649 therefore went into force once more, and Maryland enjoyed religious liberty until the deposition of James II. and the accession of William of Orange. As in England this event be-

gan a new period of persecution, so in America it marked the end of toleration. Here, for the first time, as far as I have been able to discover, we meet with the magic words, "Protestant Association." The bigots of Maryland banded themselves into an association "for the defense of the Protestant religion," and in an address to King William denounced the influence of Jesuits, the prevalence of Popish idolatry, the connivance by the government at murders of Protestants, and the danger from plots with the French and Indians.

William of Orange seized the opportunity thus offered him. Baltimore was deprived of his rights. Maryland was made a Royal Colony. Catholics were disfranchised. The Episcopalian sect was set up as the Established Church of Maryland. The colony was divided into parishes. All the people were taxed for the building of Episcopalian churches, which were nearly always empty, and for the support of Episcopalian preachers, who were nearly always full. In 1697 a pestilence

passed through the land. Then, as now, the Catholic priests braved the terrors of disease and death to minister to the stricken. An Episcopalian preacher demanded that the legislature should interfere to restrain such Popish presumption.

During the eighteenth century, new and more ferocious laws were added. Burden after burden was heaped upon the Catholics, until, at last, only twenty-five years before our Revolution, they were driven in despair to appeal to the British throne. All this was done in the first asylum of religious liberty, done to those who had founded that asylum; done by men who boasted of their enlightened creed and their freedom from the superstitions of Rome.

In the other colonies the accession of William of Orange was also the signal for the outbreak of persecution. Of course there were no Catholics in New England and none in the Carolinas or Georgia; but in New York the ancient Ghosts held high revelry. In 1700 an Act was passed im-

prisoning or banishing all priests, disfranchising Catholics and sentencing to death any priest who escaped from prison. To harbor a priest was to incur a fine of two hundred and fifty pounds and stand in the pillory three days. The preamble to this Act recited that, "Whereas, divers Jesuits, priests and Popish missionaries have of late come, and for some time have had their residence in remote parts of the province, who, by their wicked and subtle insinuations, industriously labor to debauch, seduce and withdraw the Indians from due obedience to His Most Sacred Majesty, and to excite and stir them to sedition, rebellion and open hostility against His Majesty's government, etc." It was the same old Ghost that had terrified England so long. It was as successful now in terrifying the colonists. In 1741 a few negro slaves made a sedition in New York, and the rumors flew fast that a conspiracy was on foot to massacre the whites and burn the city. An unfortunate Episcopalian clergyman was accused of being a

Jesuit in disguise, was arrested, tried, convicted and hanged. There is no doubt that he was what he claimed to be—a Protestant preacher—but such was the popular excitement that the jury took only fifteen minutes to find him guilty of being a Catholic.

In this dreary waste of intolerance there was one place where Catholics and Protestants found peace. In 1682 William Penn had founded the Colony of Pennsylvania. He belonged to the Quaker community. Those inoffensive people had suffered severely from Puritan and Prelatist alike. Penn built this new State on the foundations of religious liberty, and it is the glory of the Quakers that while to the north and to the south of them bigotry reigned unchecked, within their borders men's consciences were free. It is true there were ill-disposed men in Pennsylvania who complained to the home government of the tolerance of the colony, but Penn's influence was strong enough to set them at nought. The protection which

Lord Baltimore's colonists had given to the Quaker exiles from Massachusetts and Virginia was nobly repaid by the Quakers of Pennsylvania.

By the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, France surrendered Canada to the British Crown. It was stipulated that the people should enjoy the use of the French language and French laws and that their religion should not be molested. Now, west of the English colonies and between the Ohio and the Mississippi was a vast stretch of country known then as the Northwest Territory, and now occupied by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this land was claimed by the older States under their charters. When those charters were given no one had any idea of the width of the continent, and the grants usually ran from ocean to ocean. In accordance with the Treaty of Paris the English Parliament enacted a law in 1774 known as the Quebec Act. By that Act the privileges of the Canadians were established and the Northwest Terri-

tory was placed under the government of Quebec. The Act raised a storm both in England and in the Colonies. Already the troubles with the government were beginning, and the First American Congress had convened in Philadelphia. Among the grievances of the Colonies the Quebec Act was set forth, and in an address to the people of Great Britain, September, 1774, the representatives said: "We think that the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the Constitution to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, and to erect an arbitrary form of government in any quarter of the globe. By this the Dominion of Canada is extended, modeled and governed, as that, being disunited from us, detached from our interests by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers are daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, they might become formidable to us, and on occasion be fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient free Protes-

tant colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves." The author of the address was John Jay, a lawyer, with whom anti-Catholicism was a mania. A similar address was sent to the colonies, and it seemed as if the growing struggle for independence were to be disgraced by bigotry. But God ruled otherwise. The time had come when the designs of Lord Baltimore were to find fruition, and the mustard seed planted by Catholic hands and watered by Catholic tears was to grow into a mighty tree, offering shelter to the persecuted of every land.

Events rapidly drove the colonists to a complete break with England. "If we do not hang together," said one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, "we shall all hang separately." The common cause, the common enthusiasm, broke down the barriers of religious intolerance. Catholics and Protestants stood shoulder to shoulder against English tyranny, and between men who stand shoulder to shoulder for freedom, no

Ghosts can come. The topic of religious liberty soon became a common subject of discussion. Many of the States caught the new spirit, and their Constitutions, adopted after the Declaration of Independence, removed former restrictions on Catholics and admitted them to citizenship.

The kindly feeling toward Catholics was intensified by the aid received from Catholic sources during the war. In 1776 the House of Lords appointed a committee to inquire into the American War. Joseph Galloway, an officer in high command on the Royalist side, testified that one-half the troops in the service of Congress were natives of Ireland, one-fourth natives of England and Scotland, and one-fourth natives of America. Before the same committee, Major-General Robertson stated that he had been informed by General Lee that half the rebel army came from Ireland. Of course I do not claim that all the Irish were Catholics. Still, making all the allowances necessary, the number of Catholics must have been very

large. Archbishop Carroll was able to say in a public letter concerning his co-religionists: "Their blood flowed as freely, in proportion to their numbers, to cement the fabric of independence as that of any of their fellow-citizens. They concurred with perhaps greater unanimity than any other body of men, in recommending and promoting that government from whose influence America anticipates all the blessings of justice, peace, plenty, good order, civil and religious liberty."

The early struggles of America were aided by two Catholic countries, France and Spain. Catholic officers came from Ireland, France and Poland, and offered their swords on the altar of liberty. The first diplomatic circle was made up of representatives from Catholic powers, and on great national occasions solemn Church services, attended by the ambassadors, the Federal authorities, and high military officers familiarized the people with the Catholic liturgy. French fleets and French regiments brought chaplains with

them, and the Puritans of Massachusetts learned with surprise that priests did not wear horns, and the Prelatists of Virginia were disabused of their solemn conviction that Jesuits had cloven hoofs and forked tails. The Tories, or the friends of England, used this toleration of Catholics as an argument against the popular movement. In 1780, the traitor, Benedict Arnold, issued a proclamation to the Continental Army, in which he strove to raise the no-Popery Ghost:

> Should the parent nation cease her exertions to deliver you, what security remains to you for the enjoyment of the consolations of that religion for which your fathers braved the ocean, the heathen and the wilderness? Do you know that the eye that guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in Purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church, against whose anti-Christian corruption your pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood?

It was too late then to stir hatred between men who had tried their friendship on the battlefield. In another direction, however, the English government was more successful. You will remember that in 1773 Canada was ceded by France to the British Crown. In 1774 the Quebec Act guaranteed the Canadians their religious privileges. This concession called forth the wrath of the bigots, and the address written by John Jay spoke harshly of the Canadians and their faith. In 1776 the Congress, seeing that the struggle was to be one of life or death, strove to enlist the Canadians in the American cause. Three Commissioners were appointed to proceed to Canada—Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Congress invited Father John Carroll, the Jesuit, to join them. When they arrived in Canada they found that bigotry had blocked their way. The English government had taken Jay's address, translated it into French, and spread it broadcast. This, they said, represents the

true spirit of the Colonies—if you join them they will turn on you and extirpate your religion as they did in Maryland. The circular did its work. The Canadians were suspicious of the Commissioners. The intolerance of John Jay destroyed all hope in Canada of a union with the Colonies. That the Dominion is not to-day an integral part of the United States is due to the narrowness and intolerance of those who, in the supreme hour of a nation's struggle, could not refrain from the watchwords of bigotry.

Still the spirit of liberty was so strong among the Canadians that, though their leaders stood suspiciously aloof, individuals flocked to the American army. Two regiments, known as Congress Own, were made up of the French Canadian volunteers. They had a Catholic chaplain, duly commissioned by Congress. The Catholic Indians from Maine, the Catholic Penobscots, all converts of French or Canadian priests, joined the cause of the Colonies. All the Catholic clergy in the boundaries

of the thirteen original States were on the side of liberty. In 1778 England attempted to form a Catholic regiment, and appointed Father Farmer of Philadelphia chaplain. The Catholics were not forthcoming, the priest refused to lend the influence of his name and office, and the Catholic regiment never materialized.

Indeed, the Catholics looked to the great national struggle as their only hope for toleration. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who, by his signature to the Declaration of Independence, pledged his fortune to the cause, wrote at the end of his long life concerning the motives which then animated him:

> When I signed the Declaration of Independence I had in view not only our independence of England, but the toleration of all sects professing the Christian religion, and communicating to them all equal rights. Happily this wise and salutary measure has taken place for eradicating religious feuds and persecution, and become a useful lesson to all governments. Re-

> flecting, as you must, on the disabilities, I may truly say on the proscription, of the Roman Catholics in Maryland, you will not be surprised that I had much at heart this grand design founded on mutual charity, the basis of our holy religion.

When the time came to establish the Constitution under which we now live, John Carroll was awake to the necessity of securing to Catholics their rights under the Federal Government. He drew up a memorial to Congress on the subject, and Washington used his influence to further the plan. The differences in religion between the various States, and their mutual jealousies, contributed not a little to secure the clause which provides that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States," as well as the First Amendment, to the effect that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

When the Constitution was submitted to the States the absence of a test was commented on in several quarters; but the growing spirit of liberality overruled these objections. Little by little the various States erased intolerant provisions from their own Constitutions. In New York a test oath excluded Catholics from office up to 1806. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, Protestantism was the established religion, and taxes were levied for its support in Connecticut up to 1816, and in Massachusetts up to 1836. In North Carolina only those who were willing to swear to the truth of Protestantism could hold office until 1836; a similar provision obtained in New Jersey until 1844, and it is but twenty years since New Hampshire was sufficiently penetrated with the American spirit to allow Catholics to aspire to public office.

Speaking generally, however, the Revolution left the Church free. She could now gather her children into congregations and speak to them without fear. True,

they were few and scattered. Bishop Carroll put their number at 25,000. The total population was about 3,000,000. But few as they were, they had great hopes. The Church once more was at liberty to fulfill her mission to teach the peoples. The winter was past, the rain was over and gone; the flowers appeared on the earth, the time of pruning was come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. When Washington was elected President, the Catholics presented him with an address in which they said:

> This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account, because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct—rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships. When we pray

for the preservation of them, where they have been granted—and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those States which still restrict them—when we solicit the protection of heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can omit, recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence.

To this Washington replied:

As mankind becomes more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of the civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of your government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.

During the closing years of the eighteenth century and the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, we hear very little about the Ghosts. The nation was too busy. She had extended her outposts to the Mississippi. Within a period of nine years, from 1812 to 1821, seven States had been admitted to the Union.

Up to 1820 there was practically no influx from over the water, but the distress which followed the close of the Napoleonic wars sent thousands to America to seek new homes. Among the newcomers Catholics were numerous. Catholic churches and convents sprang up in places where Catholics, within the memory of many, had been under severe disabilities. The vast majority of those Catholics were Irish, and the prejudice against their faith was strengthened by the prejudice against their race. Said the Bishop of Charleston:

> England has, unfortunately, too well succeeded in linking contumely to the Irish name in all her colonies;

and though the United States have cast away the yoke under which she held them, many other causes have combined to continue against the Irish Catholics, more or less, to the present day the sneer of the supercilious, the contempt of the conceited, and the dull prosing of those who imagine themselves wise. That which more than a century of fashion has made habitual is not to be overcome in a year; and to any Irish Catholic who has dwelt in this country during one-fourth of the period of my sojourn it will be painfully evident that, although the evil is slowly diminishing its influence is not confined to the American or to the anti-Catholic. When a race is once degraded, no matter how unjustly, it is a weakness of our nature that, however we may be identified with them upon some points, we are desirous of showing that the similitude is not complete. You may be an Irishman, but not a Catholic; you may be a Catholic, but not Irish. It is clear you are not an Irish Catholic in either case. But when the great ma-

jority of Catholics in the United States were either Irish or of Irish descent, the force of the prejudice against the Irish Catholic bore against the Catholic religion, and the influence of this prejudice has been far more mischievous than is generally believed. — *Bishop England's Works, vol. iii, p. 523.*

The increase in immigration between 1820 and 1830 naturally stirred up the anti-foreign feeling which appears to be common to all races of men. This feeling took an anti-Catholic direction through the circumstances of the times. Catholic emancipation, which was conceded by the British Parliament in 1829, had been preceded by a long and bitter controversy. All the opponents of toleration had revived the old Ghosts to frighten the British public, and Catholics were painted in the blackest colors. All this controversy found an echo in America. The Orangemen who had been formed to maintain the Protestant ascendancy, in immigrating here brought their lodges with them. The

toleration which had marked so many of the Protestant preachers at the Revolution gave way to an insane dread of Popery. Catholics, and Irish Catholics at that, were spreading their religion everywhere, and did not show the slightest desire to accept Martin Luther and the blessed Reformation.

As early as 1829 the houses of Catholics on Broad street, Boston, had been attacked by a mob; but beyond breaking a few windows no damage was done. In 1831 St. Mary's Church, in Sheriff street, New York, was attacked and burned by incendiaries. In the same year the Orangemen had taken the name of the American Protestant Association and were actively engaged in publishing and propagating all manner of calumnies against the Church. They found a receptive soil. The most extraordinary and improbable tales were believed, and the days of Titus Oates appeared to have come again.

As New England had been the most Protestant of all the Colonies, the agitation

came to a head there soonest. An Ursuline Convent had been established at Charlestown, and the Sisters soon had a flourishing school. Their success excited the ire of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, a Congregationalist clergyman, and many and bitter were the sermons he preached against the Church. The vilest accusations were made against the Sisters—and believed. In 1834 one of the inmates, in a fit of delirium brought on by overstudy, left the institution and went to a neighbor's house. A medical examination showed that she was deranged, but after some time she was induced to return to the convent. Immediately rumors were spread that she was detained in the institution against her will. The preachers delivered inflammatory sermons—Beecher preached as many as three sermons on one Sunday on the iniquities of the Catholics and convents. Meetings were held, and a brave mob set forth in the darkness of the night to attack a few defenseless women and children. The doors were broken in,

and the Sisters and their pupils driven forth from their home. Barrels of liquor were brought to excite the piety and patriotism of the mob. They ransacked the house, smashed the furniture, made a great heap of everything combustible in the rooms, set fire to it, and with shouts of exultation cast into the blaze, as a peace offering to the devil they worshipped, a Catholic Bible. They did not desist from their work until the convent was burned to the ground, and then they turned to the graves of the dead, wrested the plates from the coffins, and left the mouldering remains of their tenants exposed to view.

The perpetrators of the outrage were known, and a prosecution was begun against them, but the State let the matter go by default. No witnesses were called, and the scoundrels were declared not guilty. The Massachusetts Legislature refused to give compensation to those who had trusted to the State for protection, and for many a long day the blackened walls of the Charlestown Convent stood as a

monument to the malice of bigotry, to the intolerance of the preachers, to the power of the Ghosts and to the cowardice and hypocrisy of the Puritan politicians who looked on with folded arms while the damage was doing, who bewailed it with crocodile tears when it was accomplished, and who, afraid of their enlightened constituents, refused to vote that compensation to which by the laws of God and man the injured were entitled.

Two years afterwards there appeared in New York one of the most successful impostures ever planned. A common woman named Maria Monk, and a dissolute preacher, the Rev. J. J. Slocum, concocted a book entitled "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." She had been sent by her mother to the Magdalen Asylum in Montreal, but she had escaped therefrom and returned to her life of shame. The book purported to be an account of the life of the Sisters in the famous hospital in Montreal known as the Hotel Dieu, and charged the nuns with immorality,

harshness, cruelty and murder. The book was published by the Harpers in 1836, and had an immense sale. The preachers had been continuously pitching into Popery for six years and more, and this was a godsend. It was read more widely, perhaps, than any book ever before published in America, and thousands took it as Gospel. A committee of Protestants went to Montreal, book in hand, and examined the Hotel Dieu, and the description of that building given by Maria Monk showed she had never seen it. William L. Stone, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser,* and a man strongly prejudiced against Catholics, also visited Montreal, explored the Hotel Dieu from garret to cellar, and published his opinion on the book.

> The result is the most thorough conviction that Maria Monk is an arrant impostor—that she never was a nun, and never was within the walls of the Hotel Dieu—and consequently that her disclosures are wholly and unequivocally, from beginning to end, untrue—either the vagaries of a dis-

> tempered brain, or a series of calumnies, unequalled in the depravity of their invention and unsurpassed in their enormity. There are those, I am well aware, who will not adopt this conclusion, though one should arise from the dead and attest it—even though Noah, Daniel and Job were to speak from the slumber of ages and confirm it.

Maria Monk's book was thoroughly refuted, but the fanatics clung to it still. Maria Monk's mother made solemn oath that the abandoned preacher, her daughter's paramour, had attempted to bribe her to support the imposture; but what was her oath against a spicy story about priests and nuns? The conspirators themselves quarreled over the spoils, and more than one of them admitted the falsehood of the whole book. It was shown that the awful disclosures were copied, word for word, from an anti-Popery tract published in 1781, entitled "The Gates of Hell Opened, or a Development of the Secrets of Nunneries," but still the disclosures were de-

voured. Even to this day Maria Monk's book is sold on your bookstalls, and was recommended during the A. P. A. agitation as suitable reading for devout and patriotic Protestants. Such is the vitality of a lie, such the credulity of intolerance.

The microbe of bigotry has a period, like the microbe of yellow fever or cholera. From 1830 to the Civil War, every ten years saw an outbreak of fanaticism. In 1834 we had the burning of the Charlestown convent; in 1844 we had the native American riots; in 1854 we had the Know-Nothing riots. As yet, we have considered only the ancient Ghosts, which flourished in England, and which were imported here. In the forties we meet with a new Ghost, which had its origin on this continent, and which is in very truth Our Own Ghost.

The school system of this country is not the work of one man, of one time or of one State. It is a gradual growth, and differs in character and efficiency from State to State, from county to county, and from

town to town. Originally, as started in Massachusetts, it was what we call now a parochial school system. Religion was inculcated, and as the colony of Massachusetts was Protestant that religion was Protestantism. In a community where all think alike in matters of faith a public school system may very well be a religious system; but in a community where there are various religions it is manifestly not fair to tax the adherents of one creed in order that another creed may be taught their children. It is certainly not right to make Catholics pay for the teaching of Protestantism, and it would be a monstrous thing to take the children of Protestant parents and raise them Catholics.

Before the great immigration began this country was overwhelmingly Protestant. The school system, such as it was, was dominated by Protestantism. When the children of the Catholic immigrants began to frequent the schools they were compelled to read the Protestant Bible

and to read Protestant prayers. Such a violation of the rights of conscience was not to be endured without a protest. The Catholic parents protested, but their protests were in vain. As late as 1859, in Eliot School, Boston, a Catholic boy was ordered to repeat the Ten Commandments in the Protestant form. He refused, and was flogged by the teacher on both hands for thirty minutes, the brute declaring that he would whip the child until he consented. A suit for assault and battery followed, but the judge held that the teacher was within his rights in attempting to hammer Popery out of the poor little boy.

The schools of Philadelphia were modeled on the same plan as the schools of Massachusetts. The Protestant Bible was read to the children, and naturally the Catholic parents complained of this as an abridgment of the rights of conscience. In 1844, Bishop Kenrick petitioned the School Board to allow the Catholic children to use the Catholic Bible. He did not ask that the Protestant Bible be ex-

cluded; he simply asked that the Catholics be permitted to adopt the version which their Church sanctioned.

The petition was misrepresented, and misrepresented designedly. The cry went forth that the Catholics wanted to drive the Bible from the schools. The preachers, as usual, took up the cry, and the Ghosts of the Little Red Schoolhouse and of Rome's Red Hand scared the sober Quakers. The Orangemen of Philadelphia—all foreigners—were the backbone of the Native American Party. They got up a great meeting to denounce the Pope, and they also took care to get up a riot. This has always been a familiar trick of no-Popery mobs. We have had some specimens of it in this city, and we know the dexterity with which they can create a disturbance among their own "plug-uglies" and then saddle the blame on the Papists. In Philadelphia this trick was tried with success. The mob began an attack on the houses occupied by Catholics. Naturally the Catholics defended

their property, and some of the rioters were justly killed. Next the cry was, "To the nunnery!" A rush was made for the house occupied by the Sisters of Charity; but a volley from a few defenders drove the scoundrelly cowards off. Bishop Kenrick then published a card to his people urging his flock to keep the peace. This was the worst thing he could have done, because it emboldened the rioters, who were assured of the connivance of the civil authorities and who feared nothing but to face men. The next day the rioters began again. St. Michael's Church and the priest's residence were set on fire; then St. Augustine's Church was burned. In the afternoon the home of the Sisters, who in the days of the cholera had attended Protestant and Catholic alike, was given to the flames.

All this happened in May, 1844, in Philadelphia. A similar campaign had been fought out in New York with a different captain, and a far different ending. There was a school law in force in the

State of New York since the beginning of the century, but it had not been extended to the city. From 1812 the private schools received a portion of the school fund, and of course the Catholic schools among others. A private society, however, known as the Public School Society, had been growing up, and had gradually absorbed all the school funds. This society was a Protestant society, and its text books were so grossly offensive that Catholic children could not conscientiously attend the schools. In 1840 the Catholics petitioned for a return to the old system. Of course, at once the preachers were alert to oppose any concession to fair play. After an exciting debate before the Common Council, in which John Hughes, the Bishop of New York, set forth the Catholic claims, the petition was rejected. The Catholics, however, carried the matter before the legislature. The Public School Society was abolished and the neutral State system was extended to the city. This was the state of affairs in New York

when the riots happened in Philadelphia. The Native American Party had elected as Mayor one of the Harpers, the publishers of Maria Monk's book. It was planned to get up a great meeting to welcome delegates from the Philadelphia rioters, and then, under the usual pretext, start a row and attack the Catholic churches. When the Catholics came to Bishop Hughes for advice he asked a lawyer, "Does the law of New York provide compensation for damage done by rioters?" The lawyer replied that it did not. "Then," he said, "the law intends that citizens should defend their own property." An issue of the Catholic paper appeared immediately, containing a proclamation to Catholics:

> If, as it has already appeared in Philadelphia, it should be a part of Native Americanism to attack the houses and churches of Catholics, then it behooves Catholics, in case all other protection fail, to defend both with their lives. In this they will not be acting against, but for the law. In

no case let them suffer an outrage on their property without repelling the aggression at all hazards.

The warning was sufficient. The Native Americans knew their man. John Hughes would stand no nonsense. The meeting was never held. The delegates from the Philadelphia thugs never appeared. There were no riots in New York.

The next agitation against the Church began in the fifties. In 1852 a secret, oath-bound association was founded, which spread over the country like wildfire. When questioned as to its nature, its members answered, "I don't know," hence their popular and appropriate title of Know Nothings. It purported to be a nativistic movement, but it was in reality the old American Protestant Association, receiving its impetus from imported patriots. As usual, its cause was championed by the preachers, and by a number of expriests who had been exiled, because of political troubles in Italy, such as Guis-

tiniani and Gavazzi, companions of the infamous Achilli, whom Newman at this time was flaying in Birmingham. A fanatic who called himself the Angel Gabriel added to the turmoil. He began in the streets of Boston, holding forth against popes, priests, nuns and Catholics generally. Arson and murder followed his footsteps. In May, 1854, the mob attacked the Catholics at Chelsea, and burned a church. In June a Catholic church was burned at Coburg. In July another was blown up with gunpowder at Dorchester, on the fourth, and on the fifth the church of Bath was destroyed; the priest, Father Bapst, was tarred and feathered, and received such injuries that he never recovered. In the same year the Know Nothings were successful at the election in Massachusetts, and a bill was passed through the legislature in 1855 providing for the inspection of convents. The legislative blackguards who went to perform the work in one convent behaved so shamefully that public opinion was aroused, and

the act was repealed. In the same year desperate rioting occurred in Louisville, Kentucky, where the Know Nothings attempted to prevent Catholics from going to the polls. Nearly a hundred Catholics were shot down, and over twenty houses were burned. Louisville never recovered from that Bloody Monday, as it was called. The current of immigration passed it by and it was left to Know Nothingism and stagnation.

The end of the anti-Catholic agitation was at hand. The great struggle between the North and South was looming up. In 1856 the party was swept out of existence in the North. It lingered in the South, but greater issues killed it there, too. The cry of unpatriotism made against the Catholics and the Irish was drowned in their answer to Lincoln's call for volunteers, and in the tramp of their regiments marching to the front. The war brought Catholics and Protestants close together, as they had been brought close together in the days of the Revolution

and Our Own Ghost was laid in blood. It was only when the memory of that conflict was dying out and a new generation had grown to manhood that the Ghosts again walked abroad. By the time of the great Columbus celebrations of 1892 the twenty years term of the microbe of bigotry had been completed and the clamor of the A. P. A. filled the land. The history of that movement is too familiar to the American people to need recounting. Like the Know-Nothing Ghost of the fifties it too was laid by war.